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INDIA'S PLACE IN ENGLISH FICTION.

LIT. PRIZE ESSAY.

"Homekeeping youths have ever homely wits."

OF THE elements that go to make up the organism which we call fiction, none, however slight it may appear, must be wanting in our calculations. India's contribution to English fiction has been an apparently slight one, but we may find upon examination that the importance of its effects is greater than its quantity would indicate.

It is very apparent that when we speak of modern Indian literature in the same sense as of American or French literature we find ourselves confined to an extremely narrow field. Of Indian literature in English there is almost none. But when we come to the *influence* of India in English fiction and to India's part in its development, the prospect is a very different one. Let us examine these separately.

I.

The reason for this dearth of indigenous Indian fiction is patent. A national fiction is an organism, a product of development, of evolution, if that term be preferred. It can no more be made in a day, or transplanted from a foreign soil, than can an avenue of oaks. Its makers must be part and parcel of the country they describe, imbued with its very life blood. This the English in India have never been. For the greater part of two centuries we have had the anomalous spectacle of a dominant and a servient race living side by side without the slightest prospect of amalgamation. The Englishman in India is simply part of a vast and complicated system designed for keeping the natives in subjection and he still regards England as his home. From such a soil a national fiction cannot grow. Australia, an infant hardly released from leading strings, already boasts a fiction of its own, but for India, with all its richness and variety, it will be long before any such prospect is opened to view. So potent is this principle that it is hardly possible to recall more than a single prominent name that is associated with native English fiction in India.

I refer, of course, to Rudyard Kipling, whose fragmentary works have probably set more people to thinking about India than any other single cause in her history. Even Kipling was a foreigner, whose residence in India was only temporary, but he wrote primarily for an Indian public. So much has been written of this young author that it is hard to say anything that is not trite. An ordinary man would have had his head turned by the adulation which Kipling has received, and we cannot yet tell whether or not Kipling is an ordinary man. He seems to have lived in India long enough to be able to write of her sympathetically, and is an example of those men who can do good work only when very much in earnest or upon a subject particularly within their province. Mr. Kipling is a clever writer, a fascinating

writer, but he is not versatile. "The Light That Failed" showed that he was at once incapable of writing a long novel and of going outside of India for his theme. If the book had been published anonymously it would have fallen flat. Neither Dick nor Mysie hold our sympathy for any length of time; the characters are weakly drawn, and in such a story character is everything. But there are other forms of fiction in which character is not everything. A rambling collection of short stories, with just a thread of coherency, such as "Soldiers Three," furnishes an opportunity of this kind. Here the character of Private Terence Mulvaney stands out in sharp relief; this is the author's chief original creation. It is one, but it is a lion. Mulvaney is a curious mixture of loquacity, combative ness, loyalty, restlessness and a tendency to look upon the wine when red. We very soon come to regard him as an old friend. For here, at least, is a man—one whose personality is not buried in his surroundings. We have to take Mr. Kipling's word for it that Mulvaney is faithful to life; it is quite likely that he is, for we have all met Irishmen with more or less of Mulvaney in them.

That Mr. Kipling's art is not of the finest order may be seen by glancing at his other characters. He created Mulvaney and stopped. You may read through all those volumes and you will have before you a confused blur of barracks, long roads, palanquins, deadly heat and sleepless nights, newspaper offices, military balls, and the confused jumble of Indian life—but it is all pervaded by a sense of Mulvaney—the one character that you will remember long after Dinah Shadd and Mrs. Hawksbee have vanished from your mind. Ortheris and Learoyd will hardly add a further character to Kipling's creations. Lowell wittily said of Cooper:

His Indians, with the greatest respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumpos daubed over with red.

So with Ortheris and Learoyd; they are simply variations of Mulvaney. "Soldiers Three" was a good title, as was

"The Three Guardsmen" of Dumas, and it is quite possible that some supposed artistic requirement of a trio is responsible for Ortheris and Learoyd. And so we are again brought to the conclusion that the portrayal of character is not Mr. Kipling's strongest point. Kipling, after all, is only an Englishman, and although nominally Indian productions, his stories are all written from the English standpoint. The modern Englishman is at bottom a savage and still

"hath in him a touch of the untamed beast."

He has never learned conformity and he will probably remain untaught as long as the solar system endures—with a proviso for those who obtain celestial happiness before its dissolution. Now while provincialism, or narrowness of view, may not be the essence of savagery, it is a very important element, and it is amusing, to say the least, to find it displayed in this very modern young man who has spent his life among the Hindus. As the natives are not English, not even European, he can hardly bring himself to look upon them as belonging to the same order of beings. Throughout the whole of his writings there is probably not a line to suggest that these down-trodden natives, the *raison d'être* of the English troops in India, have a soul like ourselves, and a heart that beats high with love and pride, "with the same hopes, and fears and aspirations." Dick half rises from his couch at the sound of the guns. "God is good," he fervently exclaims with broken voice; "God is very good. I never thought I should live to see this. Oh! boys, give 'em Hell! For God's sake, give 'em Hell!" This is good plain English, the heartfelt expression, albeit rather crudely framed, of the spirit that has animated the British soldier for six hundred years. It is quite possible that something like this would be a more faithful transcript of King Henry's remarks before Agincourt than the speech Shakespeare has preserved for us.

How different is the effect of travel upon the urbane and sentimental Frenchman. Even we Americans have not the staying qualities of our English cousins. Compare Bret Harte, of Americans, and Pierre Loti, of Frenchmen, with Rudyard Kipling. Bret Harte finds himself as much at home among the Spanish priests of Southern California as in our own mining camps. A drop of a negro's blood is as precious as that of the greatest American of the land. Pierre Loti is moved to tears at the sight of the sufferings of a few cattle on board ship; nay, he even pictures their mental anguish in awaiting the moment of their execution.* It is impossible to imagine Kipling indulging in such a strain. It is all very tender, no doubt, but it is not the spirit that brings three hundred millions under subjection and absorbs a continent while other nations are standing by. It is not the sentiment that sends a Stanley to the heart of Africa, and fills a nation with his plaudits upon his return from an expedition at the recital of which humanity grows pale.

I have spoken thus at length of Rudyard Kipling, not with a view to a critical analysis of his work, which I do not attempt, but to illustrate this beginning of Indian fiction, and because the mere mention of India seems, just at this time, to postulate some consideration of this very peculiar and talented young man. Of Mr. Sinnett's work in fiction I shall have occasion to speak later on.

The Indian school of fiction, in short, gives little promise of a radical departure from the fiction of the mother country. It is not destined to solve the question of the function of the novelist, or of the aim of fiction, any more than social and political India is destined to solve the social and political questions of our time.

II.

What, now, is to be said of India's indirect contribution to fiction, of her influence upon its development elsewhere?

* "De la Pitié et de la Upport."

As the field we have just left is a small one, this latter branch is abounding in results.

In view of the ever-widening application of evolution it may not be rash to point out an analogy in the development of romantic literature to the process we observe in the physical world. In accordance with his application of the evolutionary process to all organisms, Herbert Spencer has sought to establish such an analogy as has just been mentioned. In speaking of the progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, he says :

Once more the arts of literary delineation, narrative and dramatic, furnish us with parallel illustrations. The tales of primitive times *** are made up of successive occurrences that are not only in themselves unnatural, but have no natural connection; they are but so many separate adventures put together without necessary sequence. But in a good modern work of imagination, the events are the proper products of the characters working under given conditions, and cannot at will be changed in their order or kind without injuring or destroying the general effect. Further, the characters themselves, which in early fictions play their respective parts without showing how their minds are modified by one another or by the events, are now presented to us as held together by complex moral relations, and as acting and reacting upon one another's natures. (*)

This view, I apprehend, will not find universal credence, for fiction is not always the product of inspiration nor the manifestation of nature through the medium of printer's ink. A writer may be behind, or ahead of, or even at variance with, the life-current on which his contemporaries are borne. It is difficult, for example, to regard Emile Zola as a more finished product of evolution than Shakespeare. And yet I am inclined to believe that, viewing fiction *as a whole*, it has advanced along with the life that it portrays: that is to say, it has become more definite, more coherent, and more complex. For whatever view may be taken of the ultimate aim of fiction, its first mission is to portray life. "Fiction is definite and coherent as life is definite and

* First Principles, p. 356.

coherent. Fiction is complex as life is complex." How does India reflect this process?

The *first* and most obvious comment upon Asiatic influence on European literature is that it has enriched and amplified the materials of which literature is made. For the novelist, the world is his country and all knowledge his province. The "complex moral relations" of which Spenser speaks are complex because they are the concomitants of complex causes and complex antecedents. Says the banished duke, in "*As You Like It*":

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

It is because India has revealed a wider scene and made a truly "universal theatre" that England's literary debt to her is so great. If Laurence Sterne could find such opportunities for satire and pathos across the English channel, what a field has been opened to the novelist of the nineteenth century in the discovery and development of Eastern lands! His sovereign is not only Queen of England, but Empress of India, and rules over an Empire on which the sun never sets. As Cyrus described the Persian Monarchy: "I am leading you," said he to his troops, "to a Kingdom at whose southern extremity men cannot live for heat, and at whose northern borders they cannot live for cold."

Perhaps I can best illustrate my meaning by a comparison of the two English writers who may be fairly said to represent the highest effort in romantic fiction of their respective times—Fielding and Thackeray. Both were men entirely in touch with the life of their day; both pictured conventional society with a quiet undercurrent of satire, and both were realists in the highest sense of the word. But the difference between Squire Allworthy and Colonel Newcome transcends the difference between a clever schoolgirl and a Madame de Staél. In Thackeray the background of the Orient magnifies the characters of

the English village. They are drawn, not from the standpoint of London or Paris, but from an empire measured only by the limits of east and west. As was quoted a moment ago, "fiction is complex as life is complex," and the contact of European culture with the decaying civilization of our Aryan forefathers could only result in a wonderful extension of our horizon. And with the novelist an extension of horizon is like a sixth faculty. Thackeray surpasses Fielding not because of a finer ability, which he has not, but because he saw farther, felt farther and heard farther, and nowhere more so than in his study of Indian life and Indian manners.

We are all familiar with the charm that attaches to the man who has been over the world, and when a man so finely cultivated and with so sympathetic a nature as Thackeray is brought into contact with an utterly strange and mighty civilization the effect is intensified. As the discovery of Sanscrit laid the foundation of comparative philology, so the unveiling of the decrepit civilization begun by our Aryan ancestors is leading into a wider and deeper insight into the "complex moral relations" that mark the evolution of fiction. Tennyson wrote more truly than he knew when he longed for

some retreat,
Deep in yonder shining orient, *where my life began to beat.*

It was the life of a race, not of an individual, that at the dawn of recorded history began in that Eastern land.

I have spoken particularly of Thackeray because the influence of India (where he was born) is seen perhaps more widely displayed in his fiction than in that of most of his contemporaries, but his work is by no means all that India has to show. Bulwer, Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins and half a dozen others have made direct use of their Indian travels and observations, and there is scarcely a modern English novelist who has not been profoundly influenced by this tremendous addition to that aggregate of civilized life which it is his mission to portray.

There is one particular element in fiction which owes almost entirely to India its systematic development. As we have seen the Englishman's craving for savagery and lawlessness satisfied by the Indian recitals, so the occult element in its modern form is due to the revelation to Europe of the Buddhist faith. In former times novelists have treated the supernatural as a school girl would treat hypnotism—with awe of ignorance. We would learn of the spirit-world that

around the world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere.

And this knowledge our western culture could not give. It was something distinct from the province of religion. Christianity told of a future life, but it was of things which eye had not seen nor ear heard, neither had they entered into the heart of man. What lies beyond? The yearning for this sublime knowledge is natural and deep. Cried the Saxon earldoman, "Like a swallow darting through the hall, so, oh, king! is the life of man. He sits at meat in the winter-tide with the warm fire lighted on the hearth, but the chill rainstorm without. The swallow flies in at one door and tarries for a moment in the light and heat of the hearth-fire, and then flying from the other vanishes into the wintry darkness whence it came. So tarries the life of man in our sight, but what is before it, what after it, we know not." The question rises ever in the heart of man. But here, in the very centre of the English possessions, we find a religion of immense antiquity, with six hundred millions of disciples; a religion that offers to tell us not only whither, but whence. Trained as we are in western culture and western modes of thought, the sublime philosophy of Buddhism staggers their mind. All humanity passes in a vast life-wave through the seven planets, and seven times is repeated this majestic march, during which aeons upon aeons intervene. Man is subjected to successive incarnations, and by his failings, by his merits, by that com-

plex web which makes for every man his *Karma* or individual life, are determined his subsequent incarnation and condition of earthly residence. Only when seven times has this seven fold course been completed, after awful myraids of years that smite and stagger the mind in the effort to grasp them, does humanity, purged by its conflict with evil, attain Nirvana.

Blessed Nirvana—sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes. *

Buddhism is hardly destined to shake the foundations of Christianity, but this sublime spiritual teaching of a religion whose followers outnumber those of every other on the globe, surely has much to tell us. Like that most mysterious figure of modern times, Emmanuel Swedenborg, Buddhism will influence the world indirectly, rather than extend itself as a proselytizing religion. But the effect will hardly be shown through the medium of science, for with the intuitive and deductive processes of Buddhism, science will have nothing to do. It speaks to us rather through fiction. We delight in the marvellous, and wearied with our childish attempts to discover a coherent system in the domain of the occult, we may hearken, at least, to those who would prove "that there really are faculties latent in humanity capable of such extraordinary development, that they carry us at a bound to an immense distance beyond the dreams of physical science in reference to the comprehension of nature, and at the same time afford us positive testimony concerning the constitution and destinies of the human soul." †

This is dimly hinted at in "Mr. Isaacs;" Bulwer seems to give some intimation of the same thing in "Zanoni," "The Coming Race" and "A Strange Story." Mr. Sinnett, whom I have just quoted, has given an exposition of the theosophical doctrines in his novel "Karma." No one can read "Mr. Isaacs" and fail to be impressed with the fact that in the communications which the Buddhists are now,

* The Light of Asia, Book VI.

† A. P. Sinnett, "Esoteric Buddhism," p. 29.

for the first time, making with the outer world, a field is opened to the writer of fiction, the ultimate possibilities of which it is difficult to predict.

In this hurried sketch enough, I think, has been shown to demonstrate that the novelist's debt to India is very great. With the enlargement of the borders of his own world and an Oriental revelation of two other worlds of a less tangible nature, we recognize in India the most powerful stimulus, America alone excepted, that a century of progress has given to the development of romantic literature. The element that appeared a trifling one has proved mightier than we believed, and so, as we observed at the outset of our search, of the elements that go to make up the organism which we call fiction, none, however slight it may appear, must be wanting in our calculations.

McCready Sykes.

A SONG AT MIDNIGHT.

THE wind is up, the wind that is so human;

The wind is up and waileth like a woman;

The wind is my old friend, and we together

Will watch at midnight in the wintry weather.

Come in, old wind that tuggest at the window.

Blow out the light! We'll watch the fire's thin glow;

We'll sit and moan together in the hearth-light;

We'll sit and croon the past on this my lone birth-night;

Ah, see the Cosmos tossing in the rain!

Wildly disheveled, pressed against the pane;

Pale, pleading flowers! how like unto dead faces,

Faces that rise within my heart's still places!

Come in, old wind, and blind me with my white hair;

Come in, old wind, and strangle me with night air;

Come in, old wind, and creep into my bosom,

And chill my heart, and kill its visions gruesome.

Robert Sloss.

BABETTE; A TALE FROM AN OLD FRENCH MANUSCRIPT.

BETWEEN Calais and Boulogne, though much nearer the latter place than the former, lies the little village of Ambleteuse. Prior to the Revolution another name, that of Marie-sur-mer, indicated this little spot on the eastern side of the channel. Whether the later and more ambitious descendants of the old French community thought Ambleteuse more pleasing to the ear and more in accord with their ideas of progress, the historian is unable to say. Of one thing, at least, he is certain. As a fishing village Marie-sur-mer was more prosperous than its successor.

Had any of our readers been on the English Channel before sundown, on the fourteenth of June, eighteen hundred and twelve, he would have been struck by the large number of little fishing craft bobbing up and down on the sparkling waters like so many corks. Another thing which must have impressed him was the great similarity of the little smacks in shape and rigging. It was not far from sunset, and the bows of the fishing fleet were turned homewards towards the opposite village, which, as our readers may suppose, is none other than that of Marie-sur-mer.

The cluster of houses, beginning with those on the beach and extending to a considerable distance inland, presented in general quite as striking a similarity as the home-bound boats. They were all bleached white by sun and storm, looking from a distance like great blocks of greyish limestone. Besides these fisherman homes, so rudely constructed, the village boasted of other more imposing structures, notably the mayoralty, the village church, and lastly, though by no means least, the tavern du Roi, long since pulled down and forgotten.

Among the little craft we have seen, one in particular could scarcely fail to have caught our attention. Its occupants were, first of all, an old man with a very wrinkled

but kindly looking face. His scant white hair must have blown in all directions but for an old weather-beaten sailor cap, which confined his few locks beneath its broad brim. His blue blouse, though warm and substantial, it was easy to see had never been neighbor to a luxurious surtout. Close by Père Jean-Pierre, known for brevity as Père Jean, stood a younger man arranging some badly tangled nets. His face, though open and strong, was not remarkably bright. In fact some of the townsfolk were wont to think of Jean Jacques as rather stupid than otherwise. Besides the two described, the boat held three young fellows, who seemed to make themselves as much of a nuisance as possible. The four were clad in blouses; Jean Jacques alone wore no sabots, possibly to enable him to cling to the deck more easily.

"Now then Jean, ease her off a bit! That's a good fellow. Look sharp there! Come, more head. More room there, I say! Eh! Methinks that's Babette ahead, and dog Berto by her side. Steady now, but—I say, Jean, use your young eyes, will you? Once I could have told Marie's face farther off than this—attention there, lad!—aye, and a good bit younger I was then, too."

A warm tear trickled down the wrinkled face. The next instant the rough sleeve of the blouse had brushed it away.

"Say, Jean, answer will you? Babette or no?"

"Aye, aye, sir, 'tis she. Couldn't tell at once." (This last could only have been a half truth, for, ever since Jean's eyes had been taken away from the nets, they had been riveted on the shore.)

"There lie many a metre between us and her, but stay—yes, yes, Babette, 'tis she, sure's a fish's a fish!"

And the sunshine from the dancing waves smiled back from the old man's face. The smart little craft had now eaten up half of the distance to the shore.

"Babette! Babette!"

"Yes, yes, here I am; though, for all that, you needn't call so loud, as if I were in the house with all the blinds

shut tight. But say, why's the Mère Marie so late to-night? Haven't you left any fish then?"

"Nay, it's not for lack of fish, but Père Jean was tired, and so here we are."

"Well, well, daughter, 'tis good to get back to the old home again, after the long day. Thy old father's getting old and—come in lad! Now, now, don't say me nay. Babette 'll soon have the supper on, and thou art tired, too, I'll be bound. Eh?"

"No, no, Père Jean. Right gladly I'd see Babette lay on the things, but Mère Penacle won't know what's come to the boys. Then, too, baby Jacques must have his good-night ride on Jean's shoulders. Nay, nay! Many thanks, though. Good-night, Babette; and thou, Père Jean."

"Good-night, then, lad, if thou must go. Many thanks to Mère Penacle, for thy company this day. Tut, tut; methinks the boy would gladly have stayed but for his ill-grained aunt and her detesable brats; aye, and the girls as bad as the boys. 'Twere a sad day for Jean when the old ones were laid by, and he—poor lad!—left alone. What say you, Babette?"

"*Mais oui, mais oui, mon père.* Jean's a nice fellow, but for all that not half so good-looking as Felix, who never wears a blouse and knows how to say such pretty things. Ah, but you should have seen the gay ribbon he gave me to-day!"

"So it's M. Le Maire's son you're talking of now. The young swaggerer who laughs at thy old father behind his back, and smiles at his daughter only because she's the prettiest lass in the village, as all the folks say. But let 'lone! What cares Monchard's whelp about my Babette? He'll soon tire of you, as he's done of the rest."

"Nay, father, be not so angry now. Everyone says how Felix's the best-looking lad in the village, and rides better than anyone else."

"So it's the best-looking fellow he is, is it? May the devil run off with him and his looks!" (This last with a

blow of the fist that threatened ruin to all the crockery on the table.) "And what of it that he can straddle a horse? It's pretty much all he has to do, let 'lone all he can. None of the young dandy for thy father. Jean Jacques 's the lad for me, with all his blue blouses and simple ways. He's nay less of a man for them, is he? Wasn't Jean Pierre-Jean like him; and did Marie look any the worse on him for it?"

"Oh, I meant not that (Babette had drawn up closer and leaned her pretty head upon his shoulder). Come, forgive me. See, that's a good father!"

"Aye, aye, then, I forgive thee, my daughter. Thou art a good girl after all. But come! Kiss thy old father again and go up to bed."

To have said that Marie-sur-mer was greatly excited, when the Emperor's order came for two hundred conscripts from the village, is to put the truth very mildly. The curé Penignow was so stirred up as to forget all about morning mass—and as only one old woman passed in the church doors this forgetfulness made little difference. The drawing took place on the eleventh of August. As early as six o'clock the crowd in front of the Mayoralty was pushing and jostling, only becoming quiet when the name of some newly-enrolled recruit was called out.

"Jean Jacques!"—came from an open window on the second floor. Five minutes later Conscription Jean came down the well-worn stairs, and pushed his way through the crowd. Among the other names which went down upon the roll was that of Felix Monchard, and immediately after the clerk made the following entry:

"Capitaine du régiment de Marie-sur-mer."

Three days subsequent to the drawing the young conscripts marched out of the village to the sound of drums and fife. In the first line behind "le capitaine's" horse walked Jean Jacques. Suddenly a couple of on-lookers caught his attention.

"Good-day and good-bye, Père Jean ! Ah, and you there too, Babette ! How good of you to come. Give me your good wishes—both of you !"

"They are thine already, the best of them, lad ! Is't not so, Babette ? Say ?"

"*Certainment, mon père.* Good-bye Jean, and good luck to you, but—look ! Didn't I tell you he could ride well !"

"Tut, and hasn't thy old father ever seen a horse before ? Yes and a poor captain its rider 'll make too, or I'm no judge. But come along ! The "Mère Marie" is easier to manage in dirty weather than to get one's self on in a crowd like this."

On the sixth of September the townsfolk beheld an ambulance deposit its load of wounded at the door of the mayoralty, which had been turned into an hospital. Among the rest was reported the village captain.

History errs in saying that Marie-sur-mer grew no sweet wild flowers in its surrounding fields. Beside a double cot in one of the hospital rooms, there stood on a little round table a beautiful bunch of white daisies. The water in the glass that held them sparkled in the sunlight which came streaming in through the window.

"Come, my pretty Babette ! Hand me that capot now. Tut, tut, say what you will, it's mighty becoming to Felix Monchard (and *le jeune capitaine* brandished the helmet around in a way that must have astonished the ward surgeon had he been present). *Ma fois*, and its easier lying here on one's back than on a vile hillside, with a lot of cannon vomiting at you as hard as they can go, let alone the bullets buzzing by one's head like so many flies. What, going already ! Well, well, come again if you like. After all, Felix, there's only one thing worse than a wound and that's *ennui*. Bye, bye, Mademoiselle. Adieu !

"Jean Jacques !"

In the doorway of another room, much smaller and more poorly lighted, stood a tall man in shirt sleeves splotched

here and there with blood. This was M. Destain, the hospital surgeon. From behind a screen standing in front of a single cot, its sheets likewise dyed crimson, came the husky voice which had just uttered the words "Jean Jacques?"

"So the lad lived hereabouts, surgeon? Poor boy! Aye, the village can well be proud of him! Would there were more like him. If there were, we'd have driven the vagabonds out long afore this! I'd like to tell 'em all about it, but Zébédé won't be able to tell much of anything pretty soon with this bloody wound here. Unless the surgeon down there's mistaken, little more he'll say either. Yes, yes, and I think they told me that that rascal of a captain lived hereabouts, too. Let me see. What was the scamp's name? Mon—nay, I'm glad I don't have to die with the rest of it on my tongue. If ye sent a good one in Jean, ye sent a terrible coward in the other. Faith, and I don't believe he was wounded either! He sat by me in the cart and did nothing but wink at all the pretty girls along the road, while I thought every turn of the wheel would be my last."

"Ye see, surgeon, the hill had to be taken or we wiped out by those dogs of Prussians, and somehow or other I got mixed in with your boys. *Mon dieu*, and would you believe it? We hadn't even got to the hill, when the coward bolted! I could have turned and sent a bullet into his hide. Thank heavens, one did keel him over. Worse luck 'twas only a scratch, and he howled as he'd been nigh killed. Ough, the dog!"

"When we'd taken the hill—only about half the boys knew it, the others had been knocked over in heaps, poor devils!—and were coming back, didn't the other one insist on carrying the coward. Curse the man, he wasn't wounded either! But Jean! Why, the poor boy's shirt and head were all covered with blood from a nasty saber cut. Oh, I know what I'd have done with the dog. Instead of sling-ing him over my shoulders, I'd have slung him on the ground, given him two minutes to say his prayers, then

stuck him like a pig with my bayonet, and for my trouble been blessed by the Virgin. Ha, ha, and why do you think he did it! Because of a pretty girl, who he 'guessed liked the rascal.' On my soul, but there are funny things in the world. It's to my way of thinking she'd better have thought less of a pretty curly moustache—bah!—and more of a brave boy like Jean."

A sudden rustle at the door made the surgeon turn about, but no one was there, only somebody was evidently running along the further hallway and then down the stairs.

Only once or twice before in her life, had Babette received Père Jean's permission to leave the village, and then only after a great deal of coaxing. And these little excursions, be it remembered, had really been only a short way from Marie-sur-mer.

By the time the old man's mind had fairly began to understand that Babette, his own Babette, wanted to go away "down there," where Zebédé had said Jean was, she had thrown the little red shawl around her pretty shoulders and put on the little daisy-covered hat. Somehow or other—she could not tell how it all happened—she reached the hospital at Treville. What was even more surprising, was that the surgeon there didn't know what a strong fellow Jean Jacques was.

"Well, well!" "It wasn't my fault," he said. "Every lad doesn't have such a nurse. *Mon dieu*, and how could the boy die, when he wasn't ever left alone and had only to open his lazy eyes and see a pretty girl looking at him as if he were the only man who ever had a tune played on the side of his head by a sabre. *Que diable!* I'd have gotten well myself!"

Close beside the old home of Père Jean-Pierre there was built toward the close of the year eighteen fifteen another little white cottage, which, in size, shape and general appearance (except the paint, which did not as yet show the effect of sun and storm), might almost have been taken for its neighbor. In fact the townsfolk were wont to say that

Père Jean was to be pardoned for mistaking the two many times each day. The great difference was that one of the cottages sheltered only one old, white haired man, whose scanty locks still blew in all directions whenever the wind was strong, while the other's roof covered three persons, baby Jean, whose especial delight was to ride on father's shoulders when the boats came in at sun-down, and his laughing mother, still the old fisherman's pretty daughter, "Babette."

George H. Forsyth.

GALILEO.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

FROM snow-white villas hidden half in green—
 From clear-cut lines of widely-sweeping hills,
 From where the shy shore wets its feet
 In little chafing waves, that dance and twinkle
 To the dim place where blue meets blue—
 Glistens the broad sunlight of Italian summer.
 On yonder winding band of rising road
 Which clings so close along its native slope,
 Beats down the brightness of high noon. And yet
 One walks and gropes perplext upon that open way
 As one who stumbles on a starless night.
 That man grown old, once found and saw the paths
 Of suns and planets, now sees not his own.
 Oh ! sunlight, fade before him ! Galileo, blind !
 Gray haired and blind ! He grandly bows his head.
 "I swept the sky—I am alone and blind."
 And the slow words slipt into thoughts
 That fed the master's bitter revery,
 While in his spirit like an echo, desolation passed.

* * * * *

"Good Signor," broke a sudden plaintive voice,
 "A humble boon I ask—how I may reach

Good Galileo's villa ; I am blind." The master listened, tremulous, with lifted head, And answered gently : " Ah, shall blind lead blind ? Why, brother, would you find that villa ?" And putting out his sightless hand He found the stranger's, who all eagerly replied : " What ! know you not how all of us Do love our Galileo ? How his gentle name Makes glad the poor. They say, indeed, He balanced earth and heaven ! May be 'tis so. Together let us search—one thing we know— To us he'll balance love and cheer." But as he stopped there rose a shout, And voices calling, " Master Galileo ! " And men came running to him gladly, Since their wandering lord was found at last. But now the other trembled. " Is it thou thyself, Great Signor ? Oh ! I pray, forgive." " Forgive ? Friends, he shall never leave me. Dark was it ? Ah ! his simple words Have changed the gloom and filled my night with light. Loved ! Mine is a perpetual day ! "

C. B. Newton.

THAT OTHER FELLOW.

A STUDY IN THE FIRST PERSON.

Dec. 1. It was at The Game that our eyes first met, and not long afterward chance gave us the opportunity of following their example. I had grown rather tired of the play—that is, the foot-ball, you know—and I remember how bored I was that I hadn't worn my patent-leathers (the fellow next to me had a superb pair), and so, as a mental relief, I put on my glasses to observe what was to be seen around me—did you ever notice how glasses take with girls ?—at

any rate I saw several glance toward me, and one of them, who was near, seemed to look approvingly at my feet, so I expect it was all right about the patent-leathers; but these girls were hardly my style, and I was just beginning to speculate on the price of a handsome cane two or three seats away, when my eyes were arrested and held in durance, far from vile, by two dark eyes looking at me from the upper left-hand corner of the stand. There was something so attractive about the eyes, and about the face that framed them, that the cane went entirely out of my mind, and for several minutes I was almost spellbound. I recovered just in time to save my trousers from the teeth of a miserable little cur, attached to a chain and a lady, but soon turned back, involuntarily, to the striking face which had just smitten me. I could not help thinking that she looked on me favorably, although she gave no sign of having even seen me, for to one versed in feminine ways there are tokens lighter than the rainbow from which may be hung a bow of promise. By the time the game was over, and I had learned the score (it's so embarrassing when one is asked not to know!), I had decided that I must and would meet her as soon as possible. I had not yet the remotest idea of how this was to be accomplished, but, as I said, fortune favored me, and within a week I saw, at a reception, the object of my vow, looking lovelier than ever in evening dress. I immediately implored a girl I knew to introduce me, and soon I was talking, in my best form, to really the finest girl I had ever met, which is saying a good deal when you remember the one at the shore who nearly broke her heart, they say, when I left, and that superb—but I see I'm wandering sadly. That is one of my failings. Miss Courtney—a fine family name you will notice—Miss Marie Courtney, as she was introduced to me, was as bright as she was beautiful, and I made myself as agreeable as possible, talking in my most animated way, and making at least *some* small impression, I think, for she cut two dances in succession while we talked. I was already considering what scarf to

wear on my first call, and reminding myself of the new "creaser" which I must get, when her partner for the next waltz came up suddenly, before she had a chance to invite me. This was irritating, and I felt inclined to tread on the man's toes, but a person in my state is persistently good-natured as well as imperturbably hopeful. So I gave myself up to the bliss of watching her, and refrained from malice toward her lucky partner. After this I didn't get any more tête-a-têtes with her, and I had to content myself with the assurance from several subtle indications that it was only lack of opportunity which withheld the coveted permission. However, I went home that evening in ecstasy and feeling confident for the future. What, in comparison to this incomparable maiden, were all whom I had ever known before? What were success, honors—but this reminds that a sense of false modesty has unwarrantably caused me to forget the rules of politeness and in preventing me from mentioning myself has kept the reader waiting for an introduction. Briefly, then, I am a Junior at the University, tall, dark, and of a generally "decent" appearance (to use the probably partial expression of my friends)—Mr. C. Headley Hammersmith is on my card. I will confess that I have my theories on college life in general. This undue prominence of athletics will, I believe, subside from its wave of popularity and settle into that truly ideal English mean. We need more of that British solidity in our institutions. The present curriculum, too, is in the utmost need of renovation. Personally, I make a special study of Græco-Roman Antiquarianism and Mineralogy, in the special direction of ancient fossils. I believe that the present radical tendency to practical education is destined to fall—the life of education must be resurrected from dead knowledge. Where shall we search for the sap but in the deep roots?

Dec. 18. But what a beastly digressor I am—being an enthusiast and something of a specialist I am apt to run off on my hobbies. Well, as I anticipated, we have met again, and she has yielded to my plaintive—that's always a winning

card under the circumstances—entreaties to be allowed to call, and I have several times availed myself of the opportunity. She certainly is divine. I am somewhat interested in psychology (though I make no minute investigation of it) and like to study my own and others' mental state. My present one I conceive to be that of love. Yes, she is quite well off, good family, in short the whole thing would be in good form, and then too such graces, such sweetness! I can not dwell upon it without rapture! As to *her* psychic condition, I could scarcely wish it better. She has shown plainly that she is not averse to me. I pride myself a little on having sounded her pretty thoroughly on that line—an appeal to the feelings and sympathy scarcely ever fails—curious is it not, this instinctive power one possesses on the feminine mind? I sometimes catch myself almost wondering at myself!

Dec. 31. Christmas has come and gone. Sent her a five-pound box. Went a little hard at first, but had to do it; money must be no object. Wrenched me just a little though, when I saw some most becoming scarfs for less than the price. I fear I shall be obliged to break off some of my college subscriptions. I have been rather amused lately at a well-meaning sort of fellow whom I have met at Miss Courtney's. She is always polite to him but he does exhibit a surprising lack of discrimination in leaving. I suggested to her that she might perhaps hint—but she smiled significantly, and that was all I could get from her. I have almost decided to become engaged. How fortunate that she lives in a University town, and yet it is most distracting to studies I must confess. There are days when I am actually cut down to five hours' work. I must get another suit. I do like to look decent—Confession No. 2. I forgot to mention that that other man (at least twenty-five, I should think, plain features and the blandest expression) talks fairly, but has none of that sprightliness and verbal ingenuity which snare all girls' hearts.

Jan. 10. I saw her yesterday with that other man, walking down the street in the most animated conversation. When I joked her about it she smiled and said he certainly didn't talk like I did—which was very nicely said, though, of course, I know she meant nothing by it. I have about decided on proposal. Interesting scene it will be. Wonder if she will want a long engagement; I think I know girls pretty well, but that's something one can't foretell. Told one or two of the men about it and they tried to turn it off in a joke, but were evidently pretty jealous. I detest that little fellow Wetherall, he has such unbounded self-conceit and confidence. He heard of it and tried to sit on me by asking whether Jones (that's the harmless man's name, I believe,) wasn't cutting me out. However, I make it a point never to be sat on, so I turned the laugh on him. Won't some of my girl friends be mad when they hear of it! Jove, what sport! The fellows have been guying me about my getting "phased" (beastly slang, you know, but just expresses it) over that wine the other night—I must have put it on well—did feel a little queer, too; wouldn't they be shocked at home! I'll have to unconsciously let it out to her. Girls always like a dash of toughness in a man.

Jan. 28. I suppose I might as well finish this, though, really, it's hardly worth while. I have found out what I really suspected all along, that Miss Courtney was hardly suited to me; and after all, her attraction was merely superficial. To be sure, I did go through the form of giving her a chance to say "yes," and she had not sense enough to take it. To tell the truth, I'm mighty glad to be safely out of it. For a day or two I was rather cut up. But no one knows about it—the men think I have simply grown tired of her. My only regret is that I wasted so much time and money. I hope she did not worry over it afterwards. Must get to work now.

March 15. I heard the other day that my old flame, Miss Courtney, has accepted that other fellow, Jones. Hope she will enjoy the change of name. Just received the most

charming note from Miss Thompson. She far outshines all the rest. Met her through Chumpson, who seemed quite gone—but now—well, I can't help it, I'm sure, if I'm cutting him out.

C. B. Newton.

THE TRENTON COACH.

WHEN the wood that has stood, rust brown,
Through the windy autumn day,
And the fields that have lain all drear
Grow, at dimmest twilight, gray,
Comes the coach from old Trenton town.

Swinging up the hill,
Coming with a will,
Horses champ and rear
When the blinking lights,
From the rolling heights
Of the coach, grow clear;
At a rattling pace
Through the sleepy place—
Old Princeton's inn
All bright within,
At horn-blown din
Taps fat wine-bin.
Though the night be drear
Here is right good cheer,
And the guard—he stamps his feet
While the horses steam
In the first moon gleam
In the silent village street.
Now the guard climbs up,—
Now the stirrup cup,—
Now bugle note blown keen
On the frosty night;

From the warm door-light
 They rattle and careen.
 From afar comes back
 A bugle note;
 The echoes float
 On the moonlit track,
 Through drowsy Princeton town,
 To rocky nook,
 Old Stony Brook,
 Where they weaken, drop and drown.

Still, if you stand in the rust-brown wood
 At the close of an autumn day,
 When the drear winds blow and the moon is low,
 You may hear, in the faraway,
 The rattle and clink of harness,
 The creak of the strong coach-wheel,
 The neigh of the hastening horses
 And echo of bugle peal.

Yes—down from the dim gray distance,
 Down through the years gone by,
 When the moon is low, from the long ago
 Come echoes that drown and die—
 And the soft, clear note of the bugle
 As the Trenton coach goes by.

Newton Booth Tarkington.

AN ACROSTIC OBITUARY.

THE press-room of the *Needmore Bazoo* was a busy place. The cylinder press had just turned out the last copy of Thursday's edition, but the little engine still rattled away as if rejoicing over the fact that it was through for the day. The "devil" was about to turn off the steam when he was interrupted by the foreman.

"Great gages, Jimmie, lookee here, would ye? I knowed it would happen. I've ben watchin' fer it," and he held up a copy of the paper by one corner and gazed intently at the column containing the death notices. By the expression on the foreman's face it might have been judged that a marriage announcement had dropped in among the obituaries, or that a column or two had been printed wrong side up.

"Jimmie," continued the foreman, "run up to the den an' tell the perfessor to come down. Great slugs, I knew 'Brains' ud do it. He done it onct before."

The *Bazoo* was a bright little newspaper that had been recently started in Needmore, and the old papers were jealous of their rival. They lost no opportunity to ridicule and slander it, making statements about its financial standing and the capacity of its editor. Its bitterest enemy was the *Republican*, which dubbed its rival "the chattel mortgage" and the "asinine bray-zoo," and made many attempts at wit. The editor of the new paper was John Wells; he was ambitious, full of enterprise and had some admirable newspaper instincts. His paper was rapidly increasing in circulation and by the use of improved machinery it was gradually crowding out the old newspapers.

Jimmie soon returned, followed by the "perfessor," who looked inquiringly at the foreman.

"Great slugs, perfessor, lookee here, would ye? Look at that obituary notice; I bet ye old 'Brains' done it, it's just like him," answered that gentleman as he handed Wells a paper.

"Well, what's the matter, Bill?" asked the perplexed editor.

"Why, great gages, man, don't ye see it?" And he pointed with his black finger to the sheet and read:

We are all now sad and lonely,
Ever now we weep and mourn,
Lovely Mary has de—

"But, lookee at the first letters all the way down the verses. Spell 'em out, would ye? *Wells is a blooming jay.*"

While the foreman was explaining, it was dawning upon the mind of Jack Wells that he had been duped by a pretended contributor to his obituary column.

"It's an old gag, Pertessor. Brains done it onct before; if I was you I'd lay fer him with a brick. I'd show 'im how ter write a funeral poem fer hisself."

"Well, I hope no one will notice it. Gad! I would not have had this happen for the whole office," remarked Wells as he left the press-room.

When the editor reached his sanctum he sank down into his chair; he was discouraged. He knew that the acrostic had been sent in by an enemy, in order to make him the laughing-stock of the whole town. He went to the composing room and got the copy. It was signed "Rev. Jeremiah Smith," was dated from Blatchford, and had a true back-woods character. The foreman was probably right in attributing the authorship to his rival, the editor of the *Republican*. The man whom the printers called "Brains" had certainly planned his work well.

It was an old joke at Needmore. Family feuds had been revived and spites had been satisfied by means of the acrostic, and once an unsuspecting editor had announced to the public, by a little acrostic rhyme, that he was a magnificent fool. But this was the worst case that had happened; the new editor had unwittingly told his subscribers that he was a blooming jay. Wells knew it was a critical point in the history of the *Bazoo*. The editor rested his elbows upon the crowded table and ran his fingers through his hair; his handsome face assumed a thoughtful expression. The question was, how to retaliate? His paper was semi-weekly and would be published again before the *Republican* would have a chance to ridicule its rival, and so something must be done. Wells had a grand opportunity to display his originality.

The real name of Brains was Col. Parish ; he was a rare combination of politician and editor. He had remarked in his editorial column, after he had scored his young contemporary, that it required nice gray brains to make a newspaper successful. The Colonel was not lacking in that regard, and besides he possessed a wealth of good humor, which became his generous form and pleasant face.

When he had about prepared his sarcasm and ridicule with which to attack the *Bazoo*, he learned that its editor attributed to him the authorship of the acrostic obituary. This was an unusual turn in affairs, and as he sat in his office on the following Saturday morning he was uncertain how to reconstruct his editorial column. The Colonel leaned back in his ample office-chair and thought ; he finally came to a decision, and was about to begin writing when his daughter appeared at the door.

Mabel Parish was a frequent visitor at the office ; her father thought that he always wrote better when she was there. She was a pretty girl, and as she stood there in the door she looked like a full-length picture in an oak frame.

"Father," she said, in a musical voice, "you won't say anything mean about Mr. Wells, will you?"

"Hello! Mabel," said Colonel, not at all displeased at such an interruption, "what a funny question! You don't know him, do you?"

"Well, no, Father ; that is, not exactly ; but I've seen him and I think he is handsome."

"Handsome! He's handsome, is he? Well, I'll promise not to spoil the face of the blooming jay."

As the Colonel burst into a loud laugh Mabel disappeared in a confusion of blushes. He went on writing, smiling every now and then at his daughter's strange request.

Jack Wells dignified his sanctum by the name of "den ;" it seemed so well suited to the little apartment he used as his editorial room. Since the last issue of the *Bazoo* he had been trying to think of some retaliation ; but Monday

morning found him in his "den" with no plan. Several times that morning he had written something and torn it up as soon as he had read it over. He was becoming desperate; but as a last resort he resolved to pay back the Colonel with his own coin. On the page before him was the outline of his work—

Plant him deep beneath the daisies,
At the foot of the linden tree—
Ready there to—

Here Wells had stopped, but the remainder of the outline showed that the initial letters of the doggerel, when completed, would read, "Parish is a sneak." The young editor leaned back and tried to think how he would finish the rhyme.

"A lady ter see yer; Perfessor," said a squeaky voice as the office boy poked his curly head in at the door.

"All right, Jimmie, I'm at home."

Jimmie re-appeared in a few minutes and announced, "Miss Parish, Perfessor," with all the ceremony that he could command. This was a surprise to Jack, for he had only seen her once or twice and had never met her. He was a little confused, but had presence of mind enough to offer his caller the only chair.

"No, thank you, Mr. Wells. I came to ask a favor," she said, in a pleading voice.

Jack was amused at this remark, but his sense of gallantry compelled him to reply: "I'll do anything for you, Miss Parish; what is it?"

"Please, then," she answered shyly, "don't think my father sent you that acrostic."

"I should be delighted to think so; but—er—

Before the young editor could finish his sentence, however, a cheerful "Good morning, Mr. Wells," interrupted him and Mabel softly closed the door from the outside. Jack was left in a queer state of mind; it was unpleasant to

think that he had appeared to such a disadvantage before Miss Parish, and yet, he had a pleasant sensation when he thought of her pretty face. Many times that morning he caught sight of that face in among his proof sheets and often his mind reverted to his charming caller.

The *Bazoo* printed its usual large edition that day, but it contained nothing about the acrostic. The citizens of Needmore confidently expected a newspaper war, for there seemed such an excellent opportunity for the two editors to formally begin hostilities. The two papers, however, confined their efforts to family affairs and personal mention, and once in a while mentioning something of a political nature.

So it was a surprise and a disappointment to their constituencies that both papers were silent on the subject of the acrostic; for the two things that a small town enjoys most are business quarrels and love affairs. Col. Parish was very wise in averting a quarrel, but it was whispered among the gossips that Mabel was not avoiding a love affair. Some of the boldest asserted that Jack Wells was an admirer of Col. Parish's daughter.

About a year after the publication of the acrostic obituary, the *Bazoo* was combined with the *Republican*. The firm was Parish & Wells, and in their salutatory the editors humorously referred to the happy marriage of the rival papers.

The two editors sat in their sanctum looking over the first number of the *Republican-Bazoo*. They had just finished a long discussion and now both evidently held the same point of view. Each was silent for a few minutes.

"Well, Jack, you may have her," said the Colonel, finally, as he turned again to the editorial column of the paper, "but why didn't we make it a double wedding?"

Marshall Harrington.

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW—or, to-morrow—or, to-morrow—
The past is dark, the present darkening, too,
Only the future is of roseate hue,
Without its shade of pain or fear or sorrow;
The day is done—why should we trouble borrow?
The sun will rise through heavens divinely blue,
And then, ah, then, the world will yet prove true—
To-morrow—or, to-morrow—or, to-morrow.

Thus doth man live, seeing with each new day
A hope o'erthrown, and yet he liveth on!
Bent with his load, he struggles on his way,
Believing sorrow dieth with the setting sun.
Ah, did he know, there is an end of sorrow,
But in the land where there is no to-morrow.

—*Burton Egbert Stevenson.*

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

BROTHERHOOD.

He was evil, they said,
As they laid him, dead,
Dead in his early grave;
But he winced no more
As he did before
They could not damn nor save.

For his face was still,
And, good or ill,
It was still the face of a man,
Like another man's face
Had it evil or grace,
It was made on the self-same plan.

And his soul was away—
"It was evil," they say?
It still was the soul of a man,
Like the souls of the rest
Of earth's worst and earth's best,
And was made on the self-same plan.

Newton Booth Tarkington.

FOUR BY FIVE.—It would have been hard to find a happier mortal than Sidney Tillinghast, as he stood on the deck of the steamer which was fast bearing him from the summer sultriness of the metropolis and the monotonous routine of a New York law office, toward that enchanted region, the American sea-side resort.

An old college chum had invited him to come down and renew old times and comradeship with him at the cottage where he, with his mother and sisters, was spending the summer. And Tillinghast, dreaming of hours passed floating in the cool, green billows, of moonlight strolls and rides beside fair maidens, had joyfully accepted the invitation.

Conspicuous among his baggage was a brand new Kodak, interesting in its black morocco case. For he had caught the craze, and was only awaiting an opportunity to develop into a first-class camera fiend.

Three girls, who had just come on deck with their chaperon, attracted him by their pretty faces and clear laughter. Here, he thought, would be a splendid chance to use his new four-by-five. He lounged around till a favorable position offered itself.

"Snap" went the button. Tillinghast quickly lowered the camera, and gazed innocently out to sea.

But out of the corner of his left eye he looked to see if he had been discovered. Evidently he had, for one of the maidens, a petite blonde with fluffy golden hair, was looking at him with a touch of hauteur in the depths of her merry blue eyes.

This made that modest young man so uncomfortable that he retired precipitately to the bow, where he remained till the boat landed. Hamilton, his old chum, met him at the landing, and happy in seeing each other again, the two drove off hilariously. A little ways up the road a handsome two-horse surry passed them. In it were several ladies who bowed to Hamilton. From the rear seat a pair of blue eyes, in a sweet face framed with golden hair, gave Tillinghast a demure glance, as the carriage wheeled by. "There go the Merriwether's," said Hamilton, lifting his hat, "we've been expecting them for the last week. They must have come down on the same boat with you."

"You know them then," said Tillinghast.

"I should say so. Met them last summer. Got on the good side of their old-maid aunt, who runs the establishment, and old Judge Merriwether simultaneously. Ah! I was terribly smitten by the youngest Miss Merriwether, that blue-eyed fairy with the golden hair, nodding toward the retreating carriage; and by the way, she looked at you, old man when they passed. Take my advice and beware! Coquetry never trained daughter of Eve more successfully

than she has the youngest Miss Merriwether. All the artifices with which Cupid tips his darts are her familiar weapons, and weapons which she uses with the most terrible effect against her victims."

Tillinghast in his heart admitted the truth of this statement, for that one mischievous glance she had given him as the carriage passed had sent a strange magnetic thrill through him.

He turned the subject to college reminiscences, and so, busily talking, the two friends drove up to the Hamilton cottage, where a warm welcome awaited them. He exhibited his camera, which provoked much admiration, and he promised that evening to take a "family group" by means of flash light. And they told him of a yachting party he must photo on the morrow.

As Tillinghast, together with the rest of the Hamilton party, came on board the yacht the next morning a familiar pair of blue eyes met his. They were those of the youngest Miss Merriwether. And then Tillinghast did a strange thing.

Grabbing his beloved camera he sneaked into the cabin and thrust it into an obscure locker.

It was a delightful day for a sail. Tillinghast on being introduced to the Misses Merriwether and their once gay chaperon, won the latter completely over by his gallant attentions to her comfort. He was sure that the youngest Miss Merriwether recognized him as the unknown photographer, but he did not let this interfere with his enjoyment of her company. He was enjoying this day very much, but unfortunately he had forgotten his promise to take a picture on the yacht. He was engaged in a delightful conversation with Miss Merriwether, apparently making great progress, when he noticed the crowd in the bow and Hamilton coming toward him. "Come, Tillinghast," he cried, "we are all ready for that——" But here he stopped aghast, for Tillinghast had begun scowling, shaking his head and contorting his features in a generally frightful manner.

"Wha—what's the matter?" he faltered.

Miss Merriwether laughed, "Perhaps he's going to have his picture taken, and is trying to look pleasant."

Hamilton looked relieved, and said, "Come, Sid., we're waiting for that picture you promised. Get your camera."

Tillinghast, without a word, went down into the cabin, and pulled the despised camera out of the locker. When he came on deck again he saw Miss Merriwether telling something laughingly to Hamilton, who grinned in appreciation.

"Well, Sid.," said he, "perhaps your artistic eye dislikes the idea of taking so large a group. If so, we'll let you select the *three* you think the best looking to represent us."

There was a general ripple of laughter. The suffering Tillinghast gritted his teeth and made no reply. He took the picture, but his happiness was over. He remembered Hamilton's first description of Miss Merriwether. She *was* a coquette. She had treated him cruelly, he thought, as he leaned gloomily against the rail.

Miss Merriwether was sitting near the cabin. Hamilton had been talking to her, but some duty connected with the yacht called him away.

She looked over several times toward the disgruntled Tillinghast. At last she said pleasantly, "Are you going to leave me here all by myself?"

Tillinghast approached her slowly. "Miss Merriwether," said he, "I wish to apologize for my rudeness in taking your picture without your permission. I hope you will ascribe my action as due only to the zeal of an amateur."

"I will," said Miss Merriwether, "on condition that you mention it no more, and that you stop being cross. I am sure that if you were foolish enough to want my picture, you're welcome to it." There was a very slight emphasis on the "my."

The dignity of Tillinghast melted away like snow under a summer sun, and during the delightful homeward ride

by moonlight no one could have had a more devoted subject than Miss Merriwether.

The four weeks of Tellinghast's vacation sped away all too quickly. He was taking his last drive with her. Tomorrow he would go back to his law office. He had been silent for some time, thinking how he should miss it all—the white sandy beach, the rocks, where the surf dashed noisily, and the old light-house standing picturesquely on the sandy knoll; and then he discovered that he would not have missed those places half so much if there had not been somebody else associated with them all, somebody who had explored them with him. Thinking thus, he said, "I shall miss it all, very much." "But, then, you have those pictures. Your camera will help you to remember them all," she said. "My camera is of no use to me in this case," he replied sadly, "because there is somebody with whose picture I shall never be satisfied as long as the original exists."

Tellinghast must have succeeded pretty well in telling her who that somebody was, and she must have consoled him for the incapability of his camera, for from the manner with which he bade her good-bye the next morning one knew that it was only *au revoir*.

C. W. Cherry.

THE CANAL.—There is in man's nature an innate love of water. This the orthodox evolutionist might claim to be the result of the environments of our prehistoric ancestors, when water, very possibly less easy of access than in this age of reservoirs and water-works, to nomad tribes must have meant life itself. At a much later day we can easily imagine the red man of the West as hailing with delight, in his roaming over the dry, unbroken prairies, the signs of some water-course, and deifying the life-giving element. But little less would be the reverence of the Indian of the coast for the broad blue stretch of ocean, meaning, as it

would to him, the source of his food and trade supplies, while to his superstitious nature that far-off horizon would be the very embodiment of the mystery he loved,

Be this as it may, we have the fact of that fondness for the presence of water in a landscape which shows itself in the thought of intelligent man of all ages, from Homer's "many laughing sea," to the late poet-laureate's words :

"I loved the brimming wave that swam
Through quiet meadows."

What is more natural, then, than that the presence of water in a landscape never fails to add, for the Nature-lover, a charm to its surroundings. Whether it is a clear, rippling brook in the depths of a forest, a mountain stream roaring between the great, granite walls of a narrow canon, or "the infinite sea" itself, it lends life and attractiveness to the view. In a country which lacks this element of the picturesque, to any marked extent, the eye roves over the scene in search of that indefinable something which is only supplied as it catches the gleam reflected from some quiet pool or winding stream, or, better yet, that unmistakable, level, blue horizon, dotted, perhaps, with snowy sails.

It is mainly for this reason that the State of New Jersey can boast of but little natural beauty of scenery, save in the northwestern and eastern portions. There, is, however, one small part where, strange to say, the work of man's hands has, in no small measure, made up for Nature's deficiency. This is the country between Trenton and New Brunswick, through which the Delaware and Raritan Canal winds its narrow way.

There is, it must be confessed, a trace of artificiality about the canal that would be unpleasant to the view if it were not for Nature's kind attempts to cover up all unsightliness. The straight-edged banks, in places stiff almost to ugliness, are softened by thick tufts of grass that dip and ripple the surface of the slow-moving water, while all

traces of the old railroad that, back in the forties, lay along the south bank, are overgrown with leafy bushes, luxuriant weeds and even stately trees.

This, which is its only drawback, is not more than a suggestion, and in spite of it the canal is pretty and picturesqe. From where, at its western end, it comes from the historic Delaware and winds through the brick-paved streets and under the low bridges of old-fashioned Trenton, past noisy factories and huge brick potteries, by gently-rolling stretches of farmland and orchards, making here and there long vistas of silvery water between its green, shaded banks, to where it runs, high on its dyke, beside the Raritan river, close to pretty lawns and attractive homes, and passes busy New Brunswick to enter the wide bay, its every mile is most attractive.

Here, too, one sees the first signs of the coming year when Spring is drawing near. It is along the canal that the buds first swell into tiny leaflets and the first grass gladdens the eye with its rich green. The lowlands beside the high banks have a great attraction for all animal life, and it is here that the first birds stop; the bluebird drops, twittering, from its long flight, to rest in the tree-tops, and the first flock of robins pause to forage over the moist pastures, dotted with the purple *fleur-de-lis*.

While the country through which the canal lies is, like most of New Jersey, of such formation that the eye cannot take in a large sweep of scene, that which lies within these limits is very interesting. At several points there are mansions of former grandeur, whose very appearance tells of an age gone by. Where the canal rounds a gentle curve, near Trenton, there is a cluster of low farm-buildings, from which an orchard slopes down to the tow-path, separated from it by a neat, close-cut hedge, the appearance of the whole being so English that one almost expects to see the clay cottage, with its thatched roof, of Hodge, the farm laborer, or to note that the passing barges are bound for the Thames.

There is a more modern element to be found in the vicinity of New Brunswick, where the canal and the Raritan run side by side, and south of them lie broad estates and handsome houses in the midst of smooth-shaven lawns and well-kept trees.

Attractive, too, is the canal traffic. The chance traveler through the country adjacent to the canal may often be surprised by seeing a full-rigged schooner or a steaming transport-boat apparently moving steadily "'cross country" or through the thickest woods. On closer inspection he will find the vessel rippling through the narrow waters of the canal, anywhere from two to eight strong mules straining at the taut, dripping tow-line.

A variety of crafts, almost as great as that to be seen in New York harbor, may be observed in the canal. Heavy, unwieldy canal-boats, loaded with coal from the Pennsylvania hills, with brick or tile from Trenton, with lumber and iron from the North and lime from the South; great sea-going schooners; neat, white hunting-yachts, steam-tugs, oyster-boats from the Gulf, and the elegantly polished, brass-trimmed private launches of millionaires, ply back and forth along the canal's narrow stream accompanied by the tinkling bells of the mules that drag the heavy barges or the sailing-vessels.

The canal-people are mainly of the one type, a strong, hardy, coarse class, some of them grossly ignorant, others with that keen insight into mankind which such a life seems to give some men. Part of them spend their lives in the little whitewashed houses at the locks or near the white-washed revolving bridges, while others, men, women and even little children, live in the cramped cabins on the freight-boats and take turns at the clumsy rudder or at driving the poor mules along the well-worn tow-path. Not a soul of them but will grasp eagerly at anything to read, wherewith to pass away the time that hangs so heavy on their hands. Strange to say, on meeting a chance pedestrian they invariably ask him one question—the time of day. When one

thinks, however, of their plodding wearily through life, day after day at the heels of a string of toiling mules, one hardly wonders that their first wish is to know how much time has passed. Their manner of asking is worthy of note, since it is quite characteristic of them. One, with a friendly wave of his short pipe, will call to you, "Got the time, pardner?" Another, a rarer type, it is true, will say, with perhaps a motion toward his dingy hat, "Have you the time, sir?" and only the surliest of them will fail to nod as he tramps on along his endless road and leaves you.

For nearly sixty years now, has the canal lain in its quiet little valley, passing just a mile south of old Princeton's massive walls, at the foot of that pretty road which leads down through Potter's woods. For all these years it must have been a favorite walk for such of Nassau's students as have loved nature, thus gathering around it associations that make it more dear to every thoughtful son of Princeton, part of whose dearest memories of his Alma Mater must be of the memories of the canal, its pretty bits of scenery and the delightful companionships of many a walk beside the narrow, shining water.

Paul Burrill Jenkins.

A REVERY.—A bitter storm has settled over the city. The cold, winter wind rages along its irresistible course, now emitting a hoarse, sharp, whistling sound, now dying into a low moan as its fury softens for the moment.

The large flakes of falling snow are tossed hither and thither, creatures of the moment. They remind one of the lives of men, those victims of circumstances who are ever tossed on the surges of life, like frail barques on the mighty ocean.

In a poorly furnished room in the upper story of a lodging-house, near the wharves, a young reporter sits, smoking his pipe and listening to the wild fury of the wind outside.

What matters it to him, this storm which sweeps down on the few pedestrians without? He is now the possessor of a princely patrimony, and can soon change these poor quarters for something more befitting his circumstances. Great clouds of smoke sweep around his head, now rising, now sinking; and as he watches the slowly vacillating columns of the silvery mist, he pictures to himself his future as he will have it.

The bright moonlit sands of Newport, with the cream of social life, beckon him on to the giddy, thoughtless throng. He sees himself in a brilliantly-lighted ball-room, performing the graceful evolutions of the Oxford minuet, with his partner in the dance, a graceful, sylph-like maid, the belle of the season, who has eyes for him alone. A proud moment for him indeed, and his eyes sweep defiantly over the throng of social butterflies who regard him enviously in his good fortune. Slower and slower goes the dance, fainter and fainter sounds the music, and the figures of the ball-room assume shadowy proportions.

Once more the moonlit beach. The breakers follow each other in rapid succession and dash with a loud, pitiless roar upon the shelving stretch of sand. Our dreamer sees himself in company with a fair maid, strolling aimlessly along the beach. He whispers into her willing ears the old, old story. With faltering accents she consents to be his, and a wild, ineffable joy fills his heart.

A domestic picture now gladdens the eye of the dreamer. He sees a handsomely furnished apartment, the floor covered with delicate moquet and Persian rugs. Bric-à-brac visible on all sides, a profusion of elegant adornments tastefully arranged. A cheerful, glowing fire, spreading its rich warmth through the room. Near him, his wife, a tender, loving little body, wrapped up in the home life. A curly-headed little boy playing on the hearth and filling the room with childish prattle. Happiness unspeakable fills his soul—but the scene vanishes. The cloud of smoke settles, rises again, and goes out into space. His pipe is out. Once

more the reporter leaves the land of dreams and approaches the desk to finish the manuscript which is to yield him the wherewithal for another day of toil.

His patrimony is his pen, and like many another unfortunate, he snatches a moment of rest to seek a brighter sphere in dreamland.

John Lewin McLeish.

"DELIVER US FROM EVIL."—Our lives are twofold; we are two beings merged in one, that of the good and the bad. To environment we are indebted for the one that predominates in us, so much so that some, owing to their surroundings, have even reached that stage of mental existence where the one sinks into oblivion before the other. It is this that makes the saint or sinner. Nevertheless, deep in the hearts of all linger the roots of our subordinate being, planted there by nature never to be uprooted. At times this smothered germ seeks to bud and grow, causing a line of thought in us foreign to our normal mind; fostered, a revolution takes place, our natures undergo a change, and our existence is remodeled. Especially does the bud of evil seek to germinate in us in the form of some besetting sin. You who have felt at times the latent passions of your soul steal upward to your brain; you who have felt those same evil passions stir the foundations of your being, and struggled to overcome them, let me read to you this story found among the papers of a man who died in a madhouse. Listen:

"I am born of good parentage; my father and mother were both descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished for their honor and bravery. Neither pains or expense were spared on me by them, and I had that best of all influences, a home. In my twenty-third year my parents died, leaving me rich and independent, for I was an only child. After a year of mourning, a reaction set in, and

flinging away my sombre thoughts, I plunged into a whirl of society. Here I met a woman with whom I fell madly in love, and I thought that she loved me in return, but when I told her of my passion, she only laughed and chided me, cruel as only a woman knows how to be.

"Maddened and crushed by my defeat, embittered by disappointment, I gave up my friends and turned recluse. Then it was, I think, that sin first took its hold on me. One form of sin especially haunted me. Oddly enough it was the one I hated and loathed above all others. It is strange, when you think of it, that a mere conception should have such power over a human being as to cause him to forget and revile the very foundations of society. And yet it is so. I shudder when I recall the mental depths to which I sank when that besetting sin had gained full power over me. I shudder when I think how I have looked at all that is good and pure and beautiful and through my sin-steeped soul degraded them to my own debased level. All that is sacred and pure, all the divine relations of mankind I trampled under foot before the imperious demand of that sin. Do not think he gained his power over me without a struggle. God alone knows how I fought with him. But who could withstand his cunning siege? Ah, he was skillful! He did not attack me in the day time, when I had my attention attracted by other things. Ah, no! He waited till the gloom and dusk of the night, when I sat quietly in my room alone with what a man has most of all to fear, his thoughts. Then it was that he stole, softly at first, into my mind; so gently did he, that I scarcely knew he was there. But he came again night after night, and gradually took such hold of me that I could not drive him out, try as I would, until O, dread day! I owned him master. Then he set my brain at work, and I knew no rest, but plunged deeper and deeper into the sea of sin.

"Soon I grew to love him whom I had once loathed. I sought out those who were under his sway, and we passed a merry life. I would have been quite happy, indeed, were it

not for the fact that my conscience at times recalled to me the days of my earlier manhood before my life had become so changed. There are those that belittle conscience by calling it the sense of oughtness in one. I tell you it is more than that—it is the divine gift of God to man, and like divine law not to be discussed or construed, but accepted as the emblem of a higher world of which we are unable to conceive. I could not but contrast my present life with my former one, and I realized how I had fallen. Yet I could not throw off the yoke that bound me, nor did I particularly wish to, for I was fast falling into a state apathetic to all.

"One night, as I wandered through the streets of a large city, I turned from a gay thoroughfare into a narrow and squalid lane, where disease and sin hold their sway. As I leaned against a lamp-post, watching the people hurry past, I saw the figure of a being drop noiselessly from the limb of a tree near by to the ground, where it squatted in the shade of a wall like an ape. It crouched there motionless, wrapt in a cloak, until a girl slunk shufflingly by, then stole softly out and touched the woman on the shoulder, who did not turn, but with a shiver drew the shawl tighter and hurried on. The creature repeated this action many times, and always in the same way, keeping its face concealed. There were some who went by that passed unchallenged, but the greater number felt that touch upon the shoulder, although they never turned around; indeed, they did not seem to be aware of the creature's presence. For that I do not wonder, because it always moved in the shadows and made no noise. All this aroused my curiosity and I approached the thing, wondering if it would touch me.

"I walked by pretending not to notice it, and then turned, because I *knew* that it would touch me. Dear God, that such should live upon this earth as I saw then! The thrown-back cloak revealed to me a form half human, half apish, deformed and contorted into an amorphous mass of vileness. Its sunken eye-balls glared at me with a horrid, devilish

cunning, as its stretched out a withered and hairy palm and laid it on my shoulder. 'Who are you?' I asked, with a shudder that I felt was the same as I had seen the other passers give, as an icy numbness stole to my heart. With a hellish, cackling noise, it chuckled: 'Sin; you ought to know me.' With a scream of horror, I tore myself from its grasp and fled with the feet of fear.

"I have changed since then. I live quietly now in this big house, with iron bars on the windows, so it cannot get in. I hear the people whisper that I have no mind. How do they know this—do they also know him?"

H. G. Murray.

LINES ON A RING.

Oh, precious drop of crystal dew,
Set in a tiny band of gold,
Which doth within its little grasp
A blue-veined finger softly hold—
Thou faillest if thy radiant rays
Are seeking—bold attempt 'twould be!—
To show a fraction of the love
That beams from Edith's eyes on me.

Loren M. Luke

EDITORIALS.

WE WISH to express our thanks to Professors Hunt and Hibben, for acting as Judges in the LIT. Prize Essay contest. The prize has been awarded to McCready Sykes, of the Junior Class.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the December LIT. will be due December 2d. In this connection we call the attention of contributors to the LIT.'s *invariable rule* that all contributions *must be signed* by the writer's name, although he may withhold his name from publication if he wishes.

"THE DEEP THINGS."

PRESIDENT PATTON strikes a true note when he tells us that the educated man, and therefore the college man, needs to be instructed in the deep things of religion.

We venture to assert that no word from the Chapel pulpit has met with such universal approval as this—it was the expression of what there had been one or two attempts to express before, in perhaps less concise terms. The President did not detail just what he meant by the deep things, but it is to be assumed that of this there can be but one interpretation, that he meant by deep things, spiritual things as opposed to formalities, living truths as opposed to fruitless speculations, vital questions relating to the inner and outer life as opposed to petty discriminations and distinctions, and finally, the fathomless relations between the infinite and finite, from which flow personal love and faith for a personal God, as opposed to all mere weak sentimentalities, and that most painful phantasm to all thinking men—a "milk-and-water religion." These, we think, we may safely assume as the fundamental points—and so the

deep points—in which the college man needs education, for along these lines he must think and act if he is to take his true place in the world. We are glad that this expression of the President has given us a common ground; ground where we may claim sympathy in the cherishing of certain bright ideals, and in the expression of certain longings which we trust have not been unlawful.

For surely, there is nothing more to be struggled after by an earnest man than the attainment of deep things amid the all too shifting sands that are always threatening to choke the channel of each life. The temple may be magnificent, but without the soul's worship each line of strength and beauty is but an empty mocking. With her growth and material prosperity, Princeton can ill afford to neglect this necessary corollary to the accomplishment of her purpose. Many are the influences which go to mould and direct the life and tendencies of such an institution, and many of these influences are with us. But before appeals for new buildings, before anything which looks toward increase in numbers and prestige, stands the need to-day of that instruction which Dr. Patton has so pertinently touched on. Knowing what the President can do, both personally and indirectly, to further this end, we may hope that it is not far oft. The Sunday evening course of Dr. Purves is a most welcome step—is it too visionary to look for something similar in Marquand Chapel?

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE.

“**A**FTER all, brethren,” naively remarks the *Harvard Advocate*, in a recent able editorial, “after all, life is something more than foot-ball or athletics,” and proceeds to some sage and true reflections upon the subject of undergraduate existence, to all of which we add a hearty “Amen,” and with a twinge, perhaps, of this “what-are-we-coming-to” feeling, when such sentiments come to us from the

Hub. To be sure, in thus boldly echoing our friend the *Advocate*, we are conscious of the grave accusation to which we are laying ourselves open—the accusation of a heresy which, in the collegiate code, ranks among the cardinal sins. But if you will bear with us, friends, we will try to show that we are not so rabid, perhaps, as may at first appear; nor are we sweetly and subtly insulting you by assuming the monitory chair. Not for a moment would we insinuate that you and we are not quite agreed upon the homely truism set forth above; we are certain that you—most of you—as well as we, do not place athleticism at the head of our household gods. But the best of us have our clouded moments; times when we are swept on by the impetus of environment and enthusiasm to unrealized extremes; wherefore it comes about that our truism is less trite in application than in inception. Above all, it is not the object of the editorial chair to enter into a tirade against athletics; and yet, in order to reach the point we are aiming at, it shall be necessary to posit another hazardous statement (which we will hasten to qualify), viz.: that there is something better than the Thanksgiving game. Now it is the comparative adjective which needs to be tampered with in order to clear up this statement. Better, we mean, for the development of mental material (instead of foot-ball material); better for raising Princeton's dignity in the eyes of men everywhere; better as an incentive to brains, as well as muscle, and to the fuller and higher development of the true collegiate idea, which is so often forgetful of its *mens sana* in the fulfillment of the latter part of the proverb.

We say not a word against the great event of the year; but we *do* advocate the establishment of another great event—the establishment of a contest in debate between Yale and Princeton, and we heartily endorse the action taken by the two Halls in challenging the Yale Union. We believe that such a contest, held in New York, would do much to strengthen Princeton, and to bring her before the public in a new and not unworthy light. The Halls have

been so much our boast, here is an opportunity for them to show their metal. Properly advertised and arranged for, there is no reason why this should not become an annual mid-winter event, as much looked forward to in its way, and as popular in its sphere, as our present contests with Yale. Indeed, why stop here? a triple league would perhaps be more successful on the platform than on the field. The challenge should be extended to Harvard, and the war of arguments be made three-cornered.

This is a most practicable, feasible scheme. It has been tried, in its general features, in the West, and most successfully. The best conservatism borrows from ripe experience. The tendency of the present-day university is unquestionably one-sided. Nothing could so round out inter-collegiate work and rivalry as an inter-collegiate debate. Experience supports it, and reason demands it. May we soon hear from Yale.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB.

ORIGINATING in a conviction that even a Princeton man has certain inalienable rights of diet, and in a despair of any reasonable recognition of such rights by the average Princeton landlady, the University Club was initiated last year in the face of much opposition and difficulty. The financial outlay necessarily attendant on so large an undertaking, the time and patience required, the obstacles furnished by its enemies, all combined to make it no slight matter, yet the club was pushed in spite of discouragements and hindrances until what had been at first looked upon as a somewhat ambitious experiment, dawned on the college as an actual reality and a reality which has by this time grown beyond the state of an experiment, having proved its ability and right to stay. At its recent dinner figures were given showing that the club is run upon a solid business basis, and that it opens the year with much in its favor.

Not only this, but at the recent trustee meeting it was so financially guaranteed as to secure it from all danger of any financial embarrassment whatsoever. In view of these facts the rumors which have been circulated about its near dissolution are utterly absurd and without foundation.

The only thing which can menace it now is lack of student support. If the delights of "town board" do not quickly dispel this early diffidence, the positive advantages of the club itself should. They should remember that it is a college organization, run for and by college men, and the larger its numbers the greater its facilities. Aside from the prime matter of good food, its effect is wholesome to the college at large, in counteracting cliques and bringing the classes together. One objection brought against it is that it reduces the opportunities of self-support in club running. But it affords a number of men such opportunity in its working committees, and if increased may, in future, give more, while in general it follows the sound principle of the greatest good of the greatest number. In short, the University Club deserves the fullest confidence and support of the college. We believe that before many years it will outgrow its present quarters and take its separate place on the campus.

GOSSIP.

"And with that morn
There came the dawn
Of an adventurous day."

—*Slurpy.*

"Go in to win."—*Old Saw.*

THE rain beats against the Gossip's window; the workmen are drip-pingly finishing their slippery work on the roof of Alexander Hall; the slanting downfall is playing carom shots on the steaming back of a little yellow cur, crouching against the east wall of University; the bell in the old tower of Nassau Hall sounds muffled and hoarse through the damp; Sophomores in macintoshes and sodden caps and sombreros are plashing to a written recitation, and, although the afternoon is not far spent, a lamp or two is lit in Reunion. The postman, a mere concentration of the mist and damp, goes through the hall, and his passage is marked by the snapping of the mail-slide covers. As he passes a door in the Gossip's entry without noticing it, a strong, indignant voice comes after him, "You son-of-a-gun!" Tunny Wilson has been looking for a letter from his Editha for four days, and takes his disappointment to be a malicious contrivance of the postman's.

Though the New Jersey mud be deep and dank outside, and the wind-blown drizzle dot his window-panes, the fire burns cheerily in the Gossip's room, and his heart is warm within him. That is, not exactly warm, but warmer than it has been since a certain disastrous Saturday—let us not speak of that! Awhile ago I took off my wet coat and drew an easy chair to the hearth. I had just come back from practice—almost the last practice that '93 may see.

This is a perfect day for a thorough enjoyment of the 'Varsity. The long, warm storm-coat, the cap pulled down low, the comfortable briar that pants in the rain, the mud-bedaubed giants—the mild work of the early fall is child's play in comparison.

The reason why your Gossip's heart waxed warmer within was the thought that we may still be in the race. "The Princeton spirit" was in the team to-day. The interference was not perfect (I don't know that it was not as good as it could be, but that's what everyone says), but the men had a strong, determined look about them. That meant that they will do their best, and fight the last inch with the last strength they have. The true winning spirit in foot-ball is the one which inspires a man to say to himself, "You *can't* be conquered, you *must* gain. Do your *best*, and, if that doesn't win, you must do *better*!" Those muddy athletes played to-day with the right sort of look in their faces.

Ah, that Thanksgiving field! The crowds and crowds and crowds! The bunting-covered, luncheoned coaches; the pretty girls; the im-

mense stands; the tremendous noise and the confusion! The ride up the avenue is one of the most enjoyable things in college life. The start is from a down-town hostelry. With a nervous thrill of pleasurable excitement we mount the coach. The horn peals out gaily; its merry "Ta-rara-ta-ta-ra" is broken by the old sky-rocket cheer, dear to our hearts; the throng on the pavement stare enthusiastically—with a rattle and sweep we are off.

Through the narrow streets and out on to the broader, stately avenue we dash to brave it with the best of them. Every house has its colors, as has every pedestrian—man, girl, or child. The little boys, Fauntleroys and Irish, in mask and sash, at the corners, greet us with "'Ray for Princeton," or "Yez ain't in it," and we go, passing, and being passed by, drags, hacks and coaches of all descriptions, our banners flying and joy in our hearts. On a sudden our royal "Siss, Boom—ah," is followed by the strong, crisp, "Rah, Rah, Rah"—here they come! With dash and spirit and good-fellowship, a coach, two, half-a-dozen, the splendid blue of Yale comes flying into the procession and mingles with the flash of the orange. "Ya-a-ale!" What a thunderous roll they give it! As we await our turn to go into the field, beneath that noisy Elevated, we get down to stretch our legs and stamp our feet. The color venders swarm around us, the horns toot and toot and toot; the smell of chrysanthemums and violets is in the air. Our turn! Into the field we roll. A choking sensation in the throat, a wild heart-beat—we know what that expression means, "A sea of faces"—every eye upon us, the new comers, for the moment—"Now, fellows, are you ready?" *Hip, Hip!* And beneath the glorious old orange we wheel into line. Then the wait of nervous jollity growing to intolerable excitement till that great moment when our striped heroes come sprinting out onto the gridiron. *Then* comes that splendid cheer of greeting and defiance. And then—. That is for you to fill in, gentlemen of the team.

Far away in the West there sits in a lonely room a wearied, toil-worn man. That's never old Sterling! Yes it is, it's Sterling, that jolly buck of '90. He is working his hardest to make a living in a strange place. It hardly seems possible. Don't you remember what a beautiful crease he kept in his trousers and how he used to get a new dress suit every other month? Sterling, '90, sits in that bare room and nervously worries his small fire through the long Thanksgiving afternoon. The telegram will come at seven; possibly by half-past six it will be here. "We've got to beat," says Sterling to his fire.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT DOES not take a very shrewd observer to see that the great magazines are beginning to monopolize the literary output of the present day. Each vies with its rival in liberal offers to the literary lion to publish all that he may see fit to inflict on the public. We get the novel in book form only after it has run its course as a more or less interesting serial. The poet no longer thinks of submitting his effusions in the lump to the mercies of a single publisher, but prefers month by month to get the judgment of the reading public on individual pieces before venturing on the dangerous risk of publishing a volume. The correspondence of great men undoubtedly secures a wider reading in magazine form than in the two-volume editions so dear to the book-seller. In short, all literary work that can be grouped under chapter headings is subject to acceptance or rejection at the hands of the autocrats of the magazines.

There are certain features of the modern magazine world that stand out in marked contrast to the lines on which great publications were formerly conducted. Publishers have gradually come to realize that it takes more than an author to run a great publication. Their business is lined, from the days of the "Edinburgh Review" down to the present, with magazines wrecked by the unpractical methods of men of genius. A great editor may be a man who holds unquestioned rank as an author, but what is far more important, he must be a man of critical and executive ability. He must know what to put in a magazine and how to expand its scope to meet the demands of his readers. It depends on the character of the magazine itself whether this rule is or is not a meretricious one. There are several tendencies on the part of our great monthlies which arise out of something more than a mere pandering to public taste. It has now become the rule among publications dealing with current questions to invite a series of articles from distinguished supporters of both sides, which are published under the general head of a "Symposium." The reader has spread out before him the most authoritative and attractive presentation of all sides of the subject under discussion, whether it be "Dress Reform" or "Government Control of the Telegraph." The "Symposium" must of necessity exclude long articles with imposing arrays of statistics. The writer who proves his point, to the general reader at least, must deal in brief and clear arguments, and, though acquainted with the details and figures of the question, putting them in the background, advance his own inferences.

Another feature common to almost all magazines is the greater attention that is being bestowed in the creating of new departments and the strengthening of the old. A department generally is devoted to

the consideration of a certain class of subjects, and is placed in the charge of one man, who writes either the greater part or the whole quota required of him. The *Cosmopolitan* has devoted a portion of its pages to the charge of our most famous novelist, granting him permission to express his views on social subjects; while further on we find ourselves each month in the company of one of our most pleasing critics. George William Curtis became famous through his utterances from the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's*. The *Atlantic* and *Scribner's* have no more entertaining and witty pages than those of the "Contributors' Club" and the "Point of View." Thinking men have a chance to express their opinions on less important matters in the "Topics of the Times" department of the *Century*. College journals, which are of necessity more or less imitators of the metropolitan publications, might draw a lesson from such examples to make what is too often a disregarded page more readable and attractive.

But, however much the "Table" may enjoy talking of the characteristics of magazines in general, he must face the more practical question of what he thinks of the November numbers.

MAGAZINES.

One of the most noticeable features of the November *Century* is the opening of Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel, "Sweet Bells Out of Tune." Prof. Shields, of Princeton, in "Does the Bible Contain Scientific Error?" answers the question in the negative. This is the first paper in a series on "The Bible and Science." Another "series" begun in this number is the correspondence of Gen. Sherman and his brother, Senator John Sherman. Bishop Potter, a man of broad religious views, suggests some things which might be done if it is decided to open the World's Fair on Sunday. "An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving" is an amusing story of an old-time celebration. Aldrich, Kipling, Riley and Maurice Thompson contribute verse.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, the successful writer of Western stories, has contributed to the *Arena* a thoughtful essay on the "West in Literature." "The Practical Application of the New Education" is an able paper and deserves the attention of all educators. Dr. Hartt, who, by the way, strictly Orthodox, takes a somewhat Heterodox view on the question, "Alcohol and Its Relation to the Bible." That unique poet, Joaquin Miller, has a long poem on the "Dawn in San Diego." Shakespeare begins his defense in this number through his advocate, Mr. Edwin Reed. The *Arena* has been termed the "Review which dares to be a leader of thought and a defender of the oppressed," and it is certainly playing the champion in that respect.

Chicago is shouldering bravely her weight of responsibility, if we accept Mr. MacVeagh's account in *Scribner's*, of "Chicago's Part in the World's Fair." As we read the "Conversations and Opinions of Victor

Hugo" we get a new insight into the character of the immortal Frenchman. "The Grand Canal" of Venice is described by Henry James in the picturesque manner that enables us to form a good conception of this most picturesque of cities. Readers interested in the turf will find an article to their fancy in "Racing in Australia." Thos. Nelson Page sketches a pretty love story in "Miss Dangerlie's Roses." Mr. Brownell concludes his papers on French Art with an essay on "Realistic Painting."

Prof. Woodberry has an appreciative essay on Whittier in the *Atlantic*, and there are, besides, poems on the poet by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Miss E. S. Phelps. Samuel W. Dike sets forth the reasons why he believes there is a place for "Sociology in the Higher Education of Woman." "The Story of a Child," the serial by Margaret Delard, shows a high appreciation and study of a child's character. Dr. Hale's last paper on "A New England Boyhood," is devoted to social relations, and gives an account of his religious training at the Brattle Street Church. "Mr. Jolley Allen," a Revolutionary worthy unknown to the ordinary reader of history, receives his share of attention from H. Henry Winslow.

The leading article in the *North American Review* is by the distinguished Maine statesman, who calmly surveys the field covered by the "Presidential Campaign of 1892." Mr. Harrity gives a brief prophecy in "The Democratic Outlook," Dr. Jenkins defends his conduct in a paper on the "Quarantine at New York." Col. Ingersoll would have us form a very high estimate of the works and life of "Ernest Kenan." "Swiss and French Election Methods," by Karl Blind, points out some instructive constitutional lessons. T. V. Powderly, the great Knight of Labor, says that the country needs "A New Party," which will give a proper consideration to the laboring classes.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* the reader at once becomes interested in Dr. Mills' discussion of the "Natural or Scientific Method in Education." The advance that is being made in mental science is set forth in an article by Prof. Joseph Jastrow on "The Problems of Comparative Psychology." M. Armand Sabatier discusses, in "The Synthesis of Living Beings," the somewhat romantic question of whether a living thing can be created by chemical processes. Some remarkable "Reasoning Animals" are recorded by Allen Pringle. Jacques Mandi, "The Latest Arithmetical Prodigy," is an interesting study. "Modern Nervousness and the Cure," by Dr. Bilsinger, is a scientific discussion of the disease and its remedy.

M. H. Speilman opens the *Magazine of Art* with an appreciative paper on the clever artist, Jan Van Beers. A full-page engraving is given of "Her Friends," the painting by R. Prinet which excited so much interest in the last *salon*. The second paper on "Burmese Art and Burmese Artists" takes us into a field where most of us have never been before.

Sir Edwin Arnold never wearies of telling of the country he loves,

and as a result the *Cosmopolitan* opens with "Japan Revisited." Murat Halstead tells us of picturesque Old Hamburg, brought lately into such an unpleasant fame. William Dean Howells has many valuable criticisms on society in the "Traveler from Altruria." The idea of this department is ingenuous, and no one can carry it out so well as Mr. Howells. We are always glad to visit a great man, and so gladly accompany Mr. W. H. Rideing to Mr. Gladstone's home. "Education for the Common People in the South" is by the well-known author, George W. Cable. We have followed with increasing interest "Social Strugglers," a short serial, by H. H. Boyesen, which ends in this number. Noticeable among other contributors are the names of Brander Matthews, Edgar Fawcett and E. E. Hale.

WHEN KATHERINE SMILES.

When Katherine smiles all things then seem
Wrapt in the glory of a dream;
Glad wave the meadow grasses high,
And darkest clouds within the sky
Flash with a sympathetic gleam.

Then mountain, forest, lake and stream
Make, with a thrill of joy supreme,
A universe of jollity
When Katherine smiles.

But I,—harassed by many a scheme,
Sick of the rush and eagle-scream
Of this mad age, I fain would die;
When from the sun-light of her eye
Shines through me what life-giving beam
When Katherine smiles.

—Amherst Lit.

"THE DEAD HARPIST."

His fingers fly o'er harps unstrung,
His dreams are dreamed, his life is spent;
Another voice is heard among
The paths he loved, the ways he went.

Some other wanderer on the earth,
Singing the songs he loved to tell,
May touch the chords of grief and mirth,
Yet draw their notes not half so well.

What story of a life had he;
Or who among the stranger throng
Had heard the harpist strike the key,
And sing his own romantic song?

Nov.,

Perchance if one had known the strain,
 Or read the cadence of the chords,
 A future day might render plain
 A story never told in words.

For him, now mute, his faithful lyre,
 The comrade of his earthly strife,
 Once held on every trembling wire
 The story of the minstrel's life.

How often o'er its tuneful strings
 He raised his head with eager eye,
 And seemed to think of other things,
 And faces of a day gone by.

Along the shoreless sea of time,
 For him there lay another course,
 That might have led to ends sublime,
 And turned his weakness into force.

* * * * * * * * *
 The harp is mute, the minstrel dead ;
 Apart from every earthly pride ;
 The sorrows of his song have fled,
 The love-notes of his harp have died.

—*Yale Lit.*

DAY DREAMS.

Adown the dale, a little brook that flowed
 'Mong alders, hiding artfully its road
 By bending rushes and tall tufted grass,
 Hard by a bank, where gentle breezes pass,
 A gentle slope, with gnarled old oaks o'ergrown,
 With acorns in the short, soft grass thick strown,
 A haunt that chattering squirrels thought their own
 Till I intruded there.

No longer do the squirrels scold at me,
 They frisk unharmed ; they realize that we
 Both love that spot. And when the autumn day
 Is drawing to a close, I walk that way,
 And keep my tryst with nature. Manifest
 Her wondrous works to me. With eager zest
 I woo her love, to man unbounded, best,
 And free from anxious care.

Her each and every
 Beguiling mood I love—across the sky
 A hoarse crow flapped his way and croaked—his cry
 Disturbed my reverie.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

NIGHT.

Great night ! no soothing friend to pain thou art,
Whereto a stricken soul may pour its grief.
To thee these human sorrows be too brief
To wake the pulse of thine eternal heart.
Thy powers are dread ; and sterner peace impart
The silence of thy vast eloquence.
Our reason fails ; our minds succumb, too tense
To act ; ourselves grow fragile, part by part.

So when thy pale infinitudes unfold
Their vastness, and th' eternal harmonies,
Threading their labyrinthine paths of gold,
Break on the vision, with a sudden sting
The soul is loosed, and in the boundless skies
A dazzling light uprises on her wing.

—*Harvard Monthly.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY. BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

Johns Hopkins University is to be congratulated in having a chair of poetry among her many professorships, and, still more, that Mr. Stedman has been induced to deliver the first lectures from that chair, for certainly not since Longfellow and Lowell held the professorship of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College has a finer course of lectures been presented to the literature-loving youth of our American institutions. Mr. Stedman brings to his task an erudition, a keen poetic insight and a fine analytic power, and the literary student should be thankful that what was at first intended as a series of class-room lectures is now made accessible to all.

A theory of poetry is by no means an easy thing to formulate; a cut-and-dried theory of genius would be almost as satisfactory, for the poet cares not for what rules say he should utter, but only for the voice within him crying for expression. So he is always leaving theory behind him, and, by the power of his own strong genius, making the impossible possible and the lawless lawful.

Mr. Stedman states his purpose in the following terms: "To treat of the quality and attributes of poetry itself, of its source and efficacy, and of the enduring laws to which its true examples ever are conformed." Chapter I treats of theories of poetry from Aristotle to the present day. Chapter II seeks to determine what poetry is, and Chapters III and IV discuss respectively creation and self-expression under the title of "Melancholia." The author uses the terms creation and self-expression as corresponding to the subjective and objective, the first relating chiefly to the external subject of poetry and the latter to the individuality of the writer. These two chapters together "afford all the scope permitted in this scheme for a swift glance at the world's masterpieces." Having effected a synthetic relation between these two, the way becomes clear for an examination of the pure attributes of poetry, which form the themes of the next four chapters—"On the side of aesthetics, beauty; then truth as concerns the realistic, the instructive, the ethical; then the inventive and illuminating imagination with poetic passion, and, lastly, the faculty divine."

Mr. Stedman adds no new elements to the usual idea of a poet. He has developed no new theory, but he has drawn in bolder relief the qualities imperative in poetry to be worthy of the name. He has derived plainer statements of "these first principles which all creative work requires," and the result will be welcomed by all who have the

good fortune to be acquainted with his two former volumes, "Victorian Poets" and "Poets of America."

THE DIVINE ART OF PREACHING. BY REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. (NEW YORK: THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.)

The fact that Dr. Pierson was so well received by the students of Pastor's College is evidence of his ability to fill the place of Dr. Spurgeon. He has that same sympathy and deep spirituality that made Mr. Spurgeon so successful in training young men for the ministry and in reaching the hearts of men. The book before us contains a series of thirteen lectures that were delivered before the students in the college that Mr. Spurgeon founded.

The scope of the lectures is broad and is necessarily suggestive. The lecture on the twin laws of a sermon are ingenious as well as useful. Here are some of the double laws: "The germinal and terminal law, the law of impression and expression; of inclusion and exclusion; of flow and glow; and the fundamental and ornamental." The most practical lecture is the one on the types of sermon structure. In discussing the relation of the pastor to his people, Dr. Pierson says that he must be a teacher, a leader, a pleader and an exemplar. The last lecture treats of the preacher and the Spirit; it is a study of that power that made the great divine, Mr. Spurgeon, different from all other preachers,—the powers that comes from communion with the Spirit.

The lectures are practical in that they give methods of study in the divine art of preaching and the means of perfecting the artist. Every student of homiletics can well afford to read this little volume of Dr. Pierson's.

OUR MORAL NATURE. BY JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D., D.L. (NEW YORK: CHAR. SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

Anything from the prolific and versatile pen of Dr. McCosh commands the attention of all students of Philosophy. His latest contribution is this little book on Ethics. It is a fitting culmination of his life's work. In Part I. he lays down the fundamental principles of Moral Science; Part II. treats of Moral Ideas; Part III. of Duties. Dr. McCosh's aim, in this little book, is not controversial, but constructive. He deals not so much with the metaphysical as the practical side.

THE DEATH OF OENONE, AKBAR'S DREAM, AND OTHER POEMS. BY ALFRED TENNYSON. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & CO.)

It has been a common remark in these latter days, among the ephemeral, lightning bug school of critics, whose small minds, tossed hither and thither by every literary breeze which some would-be Laureate stirs up, require strong thought to be administered in quantities adapted to their capacity, that the fame of Tennyson is on the wane; and some have even gone so far as to inform the king of nineteenth century poets

that, if he wished to maintain himself in their good graces, he had better let well enough alone and rest on his laurels. But to the true Tennysonian each new volume of the dead poet has been the occasion of a thank-offering to the deities of Parnassus, that they have still spoken through the faith and art of Tennyson, while at the same time we have not forgotten to heap up curses upon his would-be detractors, hoping to still their voices, as in the old myth—those who were afraid of the Valkyrs, burnt wormwood with the hope that the smoke might put the dread death-angels to sleep.

Not that we for a moment proclaim the Laureate's latest work as his best. It would be the height of folly to expect that from a man of 83 years. But it is Tennyson's, and that name ought to claim a hearing, and a respectful hearing, too, if he should have lived to write for a hundred years to come. It is his and no more need be said for it.

Of more real interest than "Demeter" or the "Foresters" is the volume on our table. For it is the requiem of a great life, the last faint chords from a clear-strung lyre. What care we if the feeble fingers have not their old strength? The same tones are there still. What care we if the notes be not so clear as of old? They are the same quality as before.

The chief poems in the volume are "The Death of Oenone" and "Akbar's Dream." The first takes up the old theme of his youth. We may look in vain in this later poem for the freshness and intensity of the first Oenone. And yet no one but Tennyson could have written lines like these.

"Now, while the star of eve was drawing light
From the dead sun—Oenone sat,
Not moving, till in front of that ravine
Which drowns in gloom, self-darkened from the West,
The sunset blazed along the walls of Troy."

We need not go over in detail these twenty poems. Suffice it to say that they are Tennyson's, and that the old spirit is here still, if not in such great power, as pure, as true, as noble as of old. The element of truth, which Mr. Hutton says Tennyson did not learn until after he had been several years an artist, never leaves him now—art for art's sake because art for truth's sake. Beauty with truth and truth with beauty is as plainly the poet's motto as in "In Memoriam" or "Guinevere." Nothing can better illustrate the character of the volume than two short lyrics—the first as full of joy and hearty life as his own pure landscape, and the last written but a few days before his death:

"There on the top of the down,
The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
When I looked at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown.
I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
This and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the faith of the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as Summer new,
As the green of the bracken amid the glow of the heather."

"When the dumb hour clothed in black
 Brings the dreams about my bed,
 Call me not so often back
 Silent voices of the dead,
 Toward the lowland ways behind me,
 And the sunlight that is gone!
 Call me rather, silent voices,
 Forward to the starry track,
 Glimmering up the heights beyond me—
 On, and always on."

THE POETRY OF TENNYSON. BY HENRY VAN DYKE. (NEW YORK: CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

In this, a new edition of Dr. Van Dyke's "Tennyson," two new chapters are added. One "Fruit from an Old Tree," and the other "On the Study of Tennyson," all the other chapters remaining as in former editions. "Fruit from an Old Tree" is called forth by the publication of "Demeter and Other Poems," and in it the author displays the same deep sympathy with Tennyson. In the chapter "On the Study of Tennyson" he gives an excellent classification of the poems. Dr. Van Dyke, above all other critics, insists upon the dramatic element in Tennyson, and of his subserviency of art to truth.

AUTUMN. BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU. EDITED BY H. G. O. BLAKE. (NEW YORK AND BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This attractive volume completes the seasons in the extracts from Thoreau's journal, as edited by this ardent student of his works. While the book in general is inferior to such previous publications of the writings of this strange and gifted man as "Walden," "A Yankee in Canada," and "Cape Cod," it yet contains many passages remarkable as displaying the wonderfully graphic power of description of the author and his acquaintance with the mysteries of nature. It not only adds light to the writer's curious life, but it again sets forth that philosophy peculiarly his own, and, moreover, shows what Stevenson calls his "acid sharpness of insight" into the state of society and the hearts of men. Again, it reveals his known faults as a writer and as a man. Beautiful though his style, his crudities and contempt for finish are even apparent, while again manifest is that egotism of life and purpose which, while striving for a higher ideal of the good and pure, acts for self alone. From a source often from its nature apt to be uninteresting and too minute, the selections here are carefully and judiciously made, and the book cannot fail to be a pleasure to lovers of Thoreau and of nature.

THE STORY OF SICILY. BY E. A. FREEMAN. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Every one of the "Story of Nations" has done much to make the study of history most pleasant. The story of Sicily is no exception.

When Mr. Freeman first began the study of Sicily he intended to tell the story of that country during the time of Norman invasion and the rule of the Hohenstaufens, but since an introduction was necessary, he concluded to begin with Ancient Sicily, and write a history of it until the time of Frederick the Second. At the time of his death Mr. Freeman had just completed the third volume of the larger history, which carried the story through the Carthagian Invasion. The work before us is an abridgement of the larger one, and covers about the same period, with the addition of a chapter on Sicily as a Roman Province. It is to be regretted that the great historian did not carry out his original intention; for he has but covered a period that has been thoroughly studied, while Norman Sicily is an entirely new field of research.

Mr. Freeman, as he says, has studied the subject from a Sicilian standpoint, thus rendering it more interesting than a history that makes the story of Sicily merely incidental to the histories of Rome, Greece and Carthage. Speaking of the importance of Sicily, the author says:

"All the powers, all the nations that have dwelled around the Mediterranean Sea have had a part in Sicilian history. The importance of Sicily comes from its being the meeting-place and battle-field of many nations. Many of the chief nations of the world have wrought on Sicilian soil not only the history of Sicily, but a great part of their own history. And, above all, Sicily has been the meeting-place and battle-field not only of rival nations and languages, but of rival religious creeds."

Mr. Freeman goes into as much detail as the limited space will allow. He has made a special study of Sicilian topography and archeology, and the most interesting illustrations are of medals and coins in different periods of the history, and of portions of the island as they appear at present.

The materials that Mr. Freeman had gathered together would have almost completed his work, but the master-hand will not have a share in moulding those materials into a complete history. His investigations have been very minute, and when he died in Spain Mr. Freeman was engaged in gathering details for the completion of his history. The story of Greek, Phoenician and Roman Sicily is complete in the little volume before us; it in no wise takes away from the popularity of the "Story of Nations" series.

HAND-BOOK OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES. BY WM. S. WALSH.
(PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.)

This book is far superior to anything of the kind that we have yet seen. It is just what it claims to be, a compilation of literary curios gathered from various sources. Its eleven hundred pages are full of anecdotes and odd bits. Some only a few lines, while others cover a page or two. The subjects treated are almost as numerous as the articles

themselves. The author succeeds admirably in his aim, which, he says, is primarily to entertain, and at the same time he gives much information which one would not be likely to find elsewhere.

STIRRING THE EAGLE'S NEST. By THEODORE L. CUYLER.
(NEW YORK: THE BAKER AND TAYLOR CO.)

During Dr. Cuyler's pastorate of the Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn, he preached 2,750 sermons, received 4,223 members in his church, and, besides contributing 3,200 newspaper articles, made many lectures and addresses. It is not only a gratification to members of his church but to all his admirers that he is publishing some of his sermons.

The above is a collection of some of his best sermons, and attests the practical and spiritual type of Dr. Cuyler's addresses. "Stirring of an Eagle's Nest" is the first one, and is a good example of his strong and clear style and the practical way in which he approaches subjects. The last sermon in the book, entitled "The Joys of the Christian Ministry," is Dr. Cuyler's valedictory discourse, delivered on April 6th, 1890. It is a review of his work, and the conclusion embodies the regard in which he held his congregation, and shows how his great faith was at the center of his life and enabled him to do so much for his Master.

This collection of sermons will be read by many who have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Cuyler preach, and who have come under the influence of that grand, Christ-like character.

QUEST AND VISION. By W. J. DAWSON. (NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON.)

"Quest and Vision" is the title of a series of seven essays in life and literature.

The first is on Shelley, and while admitting his undoubted genius and right to the high rank he holds in English Literature, the author scores him rather severely as a sensualist and atheist. The author declares that respectability is a rarity in the ranks of our greatest poets, and that moral depravity goes hand in hand with genius. While it is true that to some degree eccentricity is the heritage of great poets and, in fact, great men, it is not true that society looks upon the poet as a suspicious individual.

On the same principle that he criticises Shelley adversely, the author exalts Wordsworth, but, nevertheless, this essay is a keen analytical discourse and touches upon the merits and defects of Wordsworth in a manner tender though critical.

There are three other essays, on Longfellow, Geo. Meridith and Geo. Eliot, all true in their critical appreciation of the strong and weak points of these famous authors.

Besides these five autobiographical essays there are two literary essays on "Religious Doubt and Modern Poetry" and "The Poetry of Despair."

There is a slight similarity of subject matter and purpose in both of these discourses. In the first of these the author presents some strong arguments for the dependence of poetical inspiration on religious faith.

"The Poetry of Despair" shows that the tendency of modern culture is to produce pessimism in poetry. All seven of the essays are well written, and denote facility of expression, depth of analytic and critical power. It is safe to say that they will prove interesting and present many new ideas to the reader.

SEA-SIDE AND WAY-SIDE. BY JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT. (BOSTON: D. C. HEATH & Co.)

This is the first of the Nature readers, and is intended for little folks. It is designed to awaken an interest in children for natural history.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE. BY LUCY LARCOM. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

In the poems of Lucy Larcom there is such a depth of religious feeling that can come only from a life of devotion. Some of these poems appear for the first time and are of such a lyrical and devotional character that they can be called hymns. The delicate little volume is dedicated to her sister Emilie, and a little poem, written shortly after her death, embodies the regard in which she was held. There is such a delightful purity and sincerity in her poems that have an uplifting effect. The following stanza is from "Why Life is Sweet":

"Oh, sweet to live, to love, and to aspire!
To know that whatsoever we attain,
Beyond the utmost summit of desire,
Heights upon heights eternally remain,
To humble us, to lift us up, to show
Into what luminous deeps we onward go."

Just as this volume was going to press, the authoress was shocked by the death of Mr. Whittier, who was a personal friend, and the last poem in the book was written in his memory.

VICTOR HUGO'S LA CHUTE. BY H. C. O. HUSS, PH.D. (BOSTON: D. C. HEATH & Co.)

This is an extract from Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," and is designed for the class-room. This fragment of Hugo's novel gives an excellent view of the author, both in his style and thought. The notes, though not exhaustive, are adapted to every reasonable need of the student.

JOHN G. PATON. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. 2 VOL.; \$2.00. (NEW YORK: FLEMING H. REVELL Co.)

The life of Dr. Paton is an inspiration. No one can read the story of that great missionary without being impressed with power that Christianity has to make men better. The missionary work of the New Hebrides has been a highly successful effort to civilize barbarous cannibals, and that work has been under the guidance of John G. Paton.

The life of this man seems but a simple story when he tells it, it is so unpretentious; but beneath that life there is something almost divine, that enables him to endure hardship, ignore discouragements, conquer difficulties, and put implicit confidence in his Master.

The book reads like a story; it is full of exciting adventures, narrow escapes and dangerous situations. Besides this, there are pleasing descriptions of scenery, of the customs of the natives, and character sketches of native converts. There can be made no stronger appeal for Christian missions than is made through the lives of consecrated foreign missionaries. There is shown such a thorough devotion to the cause, and such an unfaltering faith in God, and such a determination to serve Christ, in the lives of such men. To show the character of Dr. Paton, we quote the following from the conclusion of the second part:

"As I lay down my pen, let me record my unmovable conviction that this is the noblest service in which any human being can spend or be spent; and that, if God gave me back my life to be lived over again I would, without one quiver of hesitation, lay it on the altar of Christ, that He might use it, as before, in similar ministries of love, especially among those who have never yet heard the name of Jesus. Nothing that has been endured, and nothing that can now befall me, makes me tremble. On the contrary, I deeply rejoice—when I breathe the prayer that it may please the blessed Lord to turn the hearts of all my children to the mission field; and that He may open up their way, and make it their pride and joy to live and die in carrying Jesus and His gospel into the heart of the heathen world."

ALCUIN. BY PROF. ANDREW F. WEST. (NEW YORK: CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

This work is one of the "Great Educators" series, which is edited by N. M. Butler, Ph.D. The object of the book is to show the relation of Alcuin to education, and to sketch the rise of the Christian schools. Alcuin's life is reviewed in three periods: As a scholar at York, as the master of the palace school of Charles the Great, and as the abbot at Tours. Before the life of the great educator is taken up a chapter is devoted to a description of the methods in education and the curriculum in the schools of the 8th century. The brilliant part of the career of Alcuin was at the court of Charles. He found the Frankland in ignor-

ance, and even the nobility at Aachen were uncultured and thoughtless. But the great teacher gathered his pupils about him and set about his task. Among them were the great emperor himself and his wife, besides princes and princesses both old and young. Here is where he showed his patience and tact.

Prof. West has taken great care in delineating the character of Alcuin, and also in estimating his influence. He says of him, "His work was incipient and premonitory, and the outcome was greater than its plan. It had a distinctive life of its own, which seems to have been spent by the end of the tenth century." Since this time was one of confusion, but little learning lingered, and when new teachers appeared, it is presumed that they took up and carried forward an existing tradition. "There was but one tradition available for their use, and that flowed from the schools of the age quickened by Alcuin."

The appendix contains short reviews of the editions of Alcuin, a table of dates and a list of books on Alcuin. Professor West has made a contribution to educational history, for the work not only estimates the influence of the great educator, but it delineates his personality and gives its readers a glimpse of Mediæval life.

THE FORMATION OF THE UNION—1750-1829. BY A. B. HART,
PH.D. (NEW YORK AND LONDON : LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.)

This volume follows on "The Colonies" of the "Epochs of American History" series, and the third epoch, from 1829 till 1889, is by Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, and will be published in December.

After sketching the condition of the colonies in 1750, the author takes up the events that followed so quickly, one upon the other, and which were so important both in forming a union of the colonies and giving character to the nation. First the triumph of the English over the French, the passing of the stamp and coercive acts, the first Continental Congress, and then the culmination of all, in the War of the Revolution. Next follows the real formation period of the Union. First the Confederation, with all the contention among the States and the financial difficulties. A crisis follows, the Confederation is violated and anarchy threatens the States.* He next takes up the constitutional period, reviewing the struggles of the Convention in making the great compromises, and the difficulty of the ratification of the Constitution. Prof. Hart shows the importance of the events of the first twenty-nine years of this century; how the Union rose stronger than ever from the disasters of 1812, and how a re-organization was effected.

The merits of the book are its fine analysis and compactness, and also the clearness of the style. At the beginning of nearly every chapter the author describes the United States during the period that preceded. The fine maps of the United States at different periods during the seventy-nine years covered by this history aid the student in the study of territorial questions, and show the careful research that Prof. Hart has made in that line.

VICTOR HUGO'S QUATREVINGT-TREIZE. BY JAMES BOIELLE, B.A.
(BOSTON : GINN & CO.)

Victor Hugo's "93" is one of the most widely read of his novels, and gives the student a clear insight into the genius of its author. M. Boielle gives an excellent biographical sketch of the great novelist, and has appended notes that show sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties that confront the student.

SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY, VOL. I. BY JOHN MILEY, D. D., LL. D.
(NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON.)

No subject demands such comprehensive and profound learning in its treatment as Theology. The widest culture attainable to man is too narrow to enable anyone to treat it adequately, for a profound acquaintance with every branch of science and philosophy is required. The results of the latest literature, in so far as they harmonize with the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have been incorporated in this scholarly work by Dr. Miley, the author. The introduction deals with the Definition, Sources, Scientific Basis and Methods of Systematic Theology, all of which are discussed more or less critically.

Part I, on Theism, consists in critical discussions of the proofs of the Divine existence and Antitheistic Theories. Although no attempt is made at an exhaustive criticism of antitheistic theories, we detect a failure to appreciate some of them. He does scant justice to Spinozism. Had the author made a sympathetic historical study of Pantheism, he would not have laid himself open to such criticism. Furthermore, he makes too little of Evolution. The time has come when Theology must fall into line with Science, and accept some definite theory of Evolution. Reluctance to accept the conclusions of Science has always led a large and thoughtful class to look askance at Theology as a stubborn opponent to progress.

Considerable metaphysical acumen is evinced in Part II, Theology, which treats of God in Being, in Personality, in Attributes, in Creation, and Providence. In the treatment of that deep mystery, the Trinity, the author confesses that it transcends human reason, and he doesn't attempt a metaphysical theory which must inevitably leave us with a feeling of its inadequacy.

Part III, Anthropology, opens with a chapter on the Origin and Unity of Man. The next chapter, on Primitive Man, discusses the Literalness of the Mosaic Narrative, and its Doctrine of the Constituent Natures of Man. In the latter he rejects Delitzsch's trichotomy.

Then follow chapters on the questions of Primitive Holiness, Primitive Probation, the Temptation and Fall, the Doctrine, Proofs and Origin of Nature, Depravity, etc.

The work is a forcible presentation of Arminian Theology.

A MANUAL OF PHYSICS. BY WM. PEDDIE, D. SCI., F. R. S. E. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The author has succeeded in presenting the subject in a form more detailed than is usual in elementary text-books, and yet confined the treatise within the bounds demanded by the general student.

The first four chapters are introductory, setting forth the scope and nature of the science and the methods to be used. The explanation of the elements of differentiation and integration make it possible to proceed in all mathematical work much more directly and with more exactness than could be done were the methods of calculus avoided.

The character of the book as scientific rather than technical, is exemplified in the full and clear elucidations of the scientific hypotheses.

TAXATION AND WORK. BY EDWARD ATKINSON, LL.D., PH.D. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The author of this little work in applied political economy is too well known as a statistician and a scholar to need a re-introduction to the reader. The greater part of the present work consists in a clear and masterly exposition of the tariff question, not only as it affects material interests, but in its broader relations, as in Chap. XVIII., headed "Does Tariff Protection Promote Liberty?" The army of thinking men who want to listen to a debate unbiased by partisan prejudice find what they desire in such writers as Mr. Atkinson, who looks on the matter from the standpoint of the student. In addition to the main subject there are four short chapters on the "Silver Question," in which "Bi-Metallism," "Free Coinage," "The Volume of Trade" and "Taxation by Bad-Money," are touched upon. Such a volume, though far from being a permanent one, on account of the ever-changing conditions of the subject, has undoubtedly exercised a high educational function.

THE WORLD'S METAL MONETARY SYSTEMS. BY JOHN HENRY NORMAN. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS; LONDON: SAMSON LOW, MARSTON & CO.)

This is a work of about three hundred pages, and has as a supplementary title, the name, "Complete Guide to the World's Twenty-nine Metal Monetary Systems."

Its author is a member of the London Chamber of Commerce, and is well fitted for the task which he has here undertaken, of laying a foundation for the science of money. In accordance with this idea, his book is largely a scientific or technical one. It is divided into two parts, the first being a general commentary on the subject of money and commercial usages in connection with it, and the second being intended for a working guide on the subject. It goes into an extended discussion of the fifteen gold and fourteen silver monetary systems of the world, and compares them with each other. The numerous tables scattered throughout the work add much to its usefulness.

The binding is neat and substantial, and is well fitted for the kind of use the book is likely to receive.

THE FARMER'S TARIFF MANUAL. BY DANIEL STRANGE. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The recent "campaign of education" called forth many works dealing with the issues. No better popular presentation of the tariff, especially in relation to the farmer, has been issued than the present work by Daniel Strange. It belongs to Putnam's "Questions of the Day" series, which embraces many valuable discussions of economic problems.

After a brief history of tariff legislation, the various protective fallacies are exposed to penetrating scrutiny. Then he reverts to the history of protection, and proceeds to point out the effect of each successive policy. The practical results of protection is the theme of a detailed discussion of particular protected industries, with which the book closes.

The work is full of valuable information, and is the clearest exposure of the protective system that we have ever seen.

DON ORSINO. BY F. MARION CRAWFORD. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & CO.)

Crawford's readers are already acquainted with old Rome and the Saracenesi through the pages of *Saracenesca* and *Sant' Ilano*, and they will not be sorry to find that this noble old family of Roman Princes once more furnishes the author a hero for his latest work, "Don Orsino."

"Don Orsino" depicts a new Rome risen from the ashes of the old, a constitutional government, and a people interested in the busy pursuits of a commercial life.

There is something almost American in the independent and fervent manner in which the hero seeks out and enters his financial career.

The plot is more intricate than in most of Crawford's novels.

The pathetic story of a woman who sacrifices her own happiness for the man she loves, it abounds in mysterious situations and surprising developments. Don Orsino, the hero, successor to the name and wealth of the Saracenesi, becoming disgusted with the indolent life prepared for him by wealth and position, is drawn—for lack of better occupation—into the vortex of that speculation which always travels in the wake of revolution and change of government.

Unlearned in business methods, he falls into the power of Del Ferice, an old enemy of his father, and is only saved from financial ruin by the devotion of Maria Consilio, a mysterious Italian countess with tawny eyes and hair. She loves and rescues him by marrying Del Ferice. In Maria Consilio the author again illustrates his well-known audacity in taking a character apparently void of attraction and investing it with a subtle charm and fascination to the reader. She is his strongest character.

We are inclined to be a little disappointed in Del Orsino. He is a very contradictory personage,—a strange combination of the impetuous Italian, whose stiletto is always ready for his rival, and the cool, practical Englishman who calculates what his family and the world will say.

We can only explain these two conflicting elements of character by saying that the author paints in Del Orsino a young man of the transition period. He is a product of new Rome, yet his associations and sympathies are all with the Rome of his fathers.

Del Orsino adds another to Crawford's long list of triumphs as a modern novelist of unequalled range and versatility. To all who look for power in delineation of character, true and accurate description united with wide imaginative powers, Del Orsino will possess a charm sufficient to render it a delightful literary treat.

HYPNOTISM. BY JULES CLARTIE. (NEW YORK AND CHICAGO: F. T. NEELY.)

This novel is written in the style of the latest French sensational school. Its main character, Jean Mornas, a young doctor of a pessimistic turn of mind, and greedy for riches, becomes almost insanely eager for the wealth of his aged and invalid uncle. Too great a coward to commit a crime himself, he influences his sweetheart, Lucie Lorin, while in the hypnotic state, and she, innocent, acts as his agent. In robbing the old man she is, however, found out, compelled to kill him and is found out. By an expert hypnotist the truth of the matter is ascertained, and the girl is proven guiltless. Mornas flees from justice to Monaco, where he loses his ill-gotten gains and commits suicide, thus tragically closing the whole story. Other than this there is no plot, and it must be admitted that the absence of any morality of sentiment is too evident.

ZACHARY PHIPS. BY EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

In this book the author of "Agnes Surriage" has given us the story of a Boston boy, who runs away from home because of unjust treatment, and ships, a stowaway, on a coasting vessel. Here he meets a sailor from Maine, "Sandy," who becomes his bosom friend, and together they manage to see a good deal of the world, going on Aaron Burr's famous "Wachita" expedition. After many well described adventures, "Zach," as the reader knows him, joins the navy, Captain Isaac Hull making him at once a midshipman on the "Constitution," in whose historic battle with the "Guerriere" he serves, and, later on, is captured by the British when the "Shannon" defeats the "Chesapeake." Like the hardy New Englander that he is, he makes the best of it all, coming at last to the notice of President Monroe, who appoints him assistant to the American consul at London, where he marries the girl whom he has worshipped from his youth. The story is simply told, and its style is strictly narrative, but it keeps the attention from first to last. Poor Malee, the Seminole Indian girl, greatly interests the reader, and the old-fashioned schoolmaster is one of the best drawn characters that we have read of.

BARBARA DERING. BY AMÉLIE RIVES. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPIOTT & CO.)

This novel is a sequel to "The Quick or the Dead," which was written in disapproval of second marriage. The one before us is written in the same vivid style, and seeks to point out the cause of the many conjugal estrangements that make some married lives unhappy. Miss Rives evidently considers congeniality and physical compatibility as the bases of true love, and seeks to prove this by introducing to the reader two unhappy families, the Derings and the Bransbys, whose family quarrels and reconciliations form the substance of the book and what little plot there is.

The book was evidently written with "Tolstoi's Kreutzer Sonata" in mind, and is a feeble attempt to refute its maxim, that "passion is a degradation;" the authoress has ennobled it, and maintains that pure passion is the basis of happiness. She says: "Passion in love, in religion, in friendship, in patriotism, is a great, pure fire, created by God, and is not to be scorned by man." When we read Barbara Dering, we are forced to remember Lincoln's witticism: "For those who like that sort of thing, I should think that would be just the sort of thing they would like;" but to the average reader such an endless succession of "billings and cooings" is tiresome.

The book is not without its merits. It rounds up the character of Barbara, which seemed so incomprehensible in the "Quick or the Dead," and develops other characters that are as interesting.

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